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OUR FIRST-BORN.

BY SUSANNA J.

There's a small grave under the churchyard tree,
Where the dead leaves drift, and the snow.
We pass it by to the house of pray'r,
When the last bell dies on the silent air,
And the organ is pealing low.

Oh, the long, long years that have come and gone
since we laid our first-born there! forget
You might almost think that our hearts forget
The passionate grief and the vain regret
That were all so hard to bear.

But for three little years scarce told in full,
So short, yet a whole life long,
He gladdened our hearth, and while we smiled
The angels sang, "Come home, fair child!"
And he left us for their song.

And we were as dumb with the sudden blow
And faint with a nameless fear;
But the years went on with blossom and snow,
And we pass this grve as to church we go—
We see it, and shed no tear.

Yet is the little grave dear to us still,
Though we weep no more on its sod;
Our wound has been touched by a healing Hand,
For our daughters and sons around us stand—
But that one is at home with God!

Two Wedding Rings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WHY had she married him? The more I saw of her unhappy life, the more I was struck with the incompatibility between them, the oftener I asked that question.

I never dared to discuss the matter with her.

There was something in her childlike innocence, in her childlike purity, that filled me with wonder and awe.

Though we talked for long hours together and, though there reigned between us the affection of sister and brother, yet I never presumed to ask one question about her marriage.

Why had she married him?

He was a skilful seaman, brave in all peril and danger, true to the trust in his hands; he would have died, I know, to save his ship.

There was a certain rough passion, a certain rough dignity, and, as I have said, at rare intervals a certain rough pathos about him, but he was no more to be compared with her than is the leaf of the stinging nettle with the leaf of a lily.

He was jealous, stern, hard, cold, and afflicted with an ungovernable temper.

She was fair and gentle; she had grace, dignity, and genius; she was sensitive and of a highly-strung nervous temperament. Day and night, white and black, heat and cold, were not more opposite than they.

Why had she married him? I was to know some day, but not yet.

After the night of the storm she seemed more afraid of him than ever; she grew pale and trembled at the sound of his voice or his footsteps, and once, when she heard him coming quickly towards her, she turned to me with a pale, scared, helpless look.

She caught my arm; then, seeming to remember herself, she quickly regained her self-control and turned from me with a crimson flush on her face. I think too that in his rough way he felt sorry for having struck her so cruelly.

One day he came to her while I stood near her—came quite unexpectedly, and laid his hand on her arm.

She looked up at him with a terrified face.

"Do not hurt me, Eric!" she cried, and he drew back from her.

"I never thought of hurting you, child. You need not be so afraid of me. You drove me wild that night by your folly."

She tried, poor child, to smile up at him and look as though she felt quite at her ease with him, but I saw how difficult the task was.

One day the captain in speaking to Major Stanton, said that he hoped his next voyage would be to New Zealand, and that he trusted his wife would learn to love the sea by then.

I shall never forget the look of anguish on her face.

A few minutes afterward she stole from the little group.

I knew why she had gone, and in a short time I followed her.

I saw the slender, graceful figure in the gray velvet dress leaning over the side of the vessel.

I knew that she was weeping hot, passionate tears.

It was no surprise to me to find the fair face stained with weeping.

"Mrs. Hardross," I began, but I could go no further—the passionate sorrow of her face forbade all words.

"Sir Gordon," she said, "is it a great sin to wish one's self dead?"

"I should say the sin depends very much on circumstances, Mrs. Hardross. I hope you do not wish yourself so?"

"I do—I do, indeed!" she cried. "Oh, if it were no sin, no wrong, I would spring into the water and die at once! Oh, Sir Gordon, my husband says you are like the Border Knight, true as steel! Tell me how I am to live my life."

"Heaven gives every one strength for their day," I said quietly.

"But my day is terrible, and I have no strength. I am frightened at the sea. I cannot help it.

"The only comfort I have had has been in thinking that the voyage would in a given time be over, and that then I should be on land; but, if to this voyage succeeds another, and another, and another, what shall I do?

"How can I bear it? How can I live through it?

"I look through the vista of years and see no end—all fear, all terror all dismay—no rest on the land that my heart loves—nothing but terror and agony at sea. How shall I live?"

I did my best to comfort her.

I told her that perhaps, when Captain Hardross really understood her fear he would be willing to undertake his next voyage without her.

We did not discuss him or anything connected with him, but the beautiful face grew calmer at my words, and half an hour afterward I had the pleasure of seeing her talk to Mrs Chaplin as though she had quite forgotten her fears.

How sorry I felt for her—so sorry that, if by the sacrifice of my life I could have freed her, I would have given it.

I remember that evening. The captain and the chief engineer stood on the poop deck talking earnestly.

Mrs. Vann, the captain's wife, Mrs. Leslie, and Mrs. Chaplin formed a little group.

I had been reading to them, but, as night fell over the waters, I laid down my book and we began to talk.

A cheerful laughing voice broke in on the reverie.

Charley Leslie was looking for his wife; and, when he found her, he accused her of hiding from him.

We all liked to listen to them; it made even the old feel young to see the fine young fellow's simple devotion to his pretty wife.

He would not let her remain on deck because she had a cold, and, after a laughing conversation, they went away. Mrs. Vann watched them with an air of contempt; then turning to me she said:

"A little good society would much improve both husband and wife."

Mrs. Vann amused me.

I always enjoyed her futile attempts at superiority.

"Good society do you think they want? I should have thought they had it here."

"Ah, Sir Gordon, if they were always with you or me! There is a terrible want of good breeding in all that show of affection for each other."

"You think so, Mrs. Vann?" I said, carelessly.

"Yes, Sir Gordon. I think it—you know it. I am sure if Mr. Vann behaved in that fashion to me, I should be most indignant."

"You mean if he called you 'my darling' in as musical voice as Mr. Leslie's or seemed as though he could not live through an hour without you?"

She blushed through all her rouge.

"I assure you, Sir Gordon, those are Mr. Vann's sentiments, though he knows me too well to make any public exhibition of them.

"Mr. Leslie is a very nice man, but just a little ill bred, you know."

"You consider an exhibition of emotion ill bred then, Mrs. Vann?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! It is so very improper. I know the rules of good society; during my father's lifetime I saw no other."

She murmured something about *mesalliance*, which I neither heard nor cared to hear.

An avenging spirit, in the shape of Mr. Vann carrying a glass of bitter beer in his hand, came to the rescue.

In the twilight he did not perceive me, and evidently thought his wife was all alone.

"Bessie," he said, "there is no one about; all the fine ladies and gentlemen are engaged. I know what your soul loves best, as the poet says, and I have slyly taken this for you. Drink it while you have a chance."

I shall never forget the irresistible fun of the scene—how she rose with awful majesty; and turning to the unfortunate little man, cried:

"Mr. Vann what do you mean?"

"Bitter beer, my love, and there is no one looking."

Then he saw me, and his hand trembled.

"You are doing it to insult me," cried his wife; "you knew Sir Gordon was here. This is one of your low detestable jests."

"I thought you were all alone," he replied, in a voice so full of fear that the situation became too strong for me.

I would have given anything in reason for power to restrain my feelings, but they were too much for me, and I went away helpless with laughter.

"You have ruined me," I heard her say, in a voice of dreadful calmness. "I shall never hold up my head on this steamer again."

For a day or two afterwards she was silent and subdued.

But, when she found that no further notice was taken of the incident, she became herself again.

Of those evenings yet another lingers in my memory—a night on the Indian Ocean when the blue sky was studded with a thousand stars and the water was so calm that it reflected them.

As we sat together on the starlit deck some one proposed music.

We sang all the dear old home songs. I remember the last verse of one:

"The dear old home, it standeth yet,
A shelter from toil and care;
No matter how cold or cruel the world,
The sun shines always there."

They were simple words, yet, sung on that far-off, starlit Indian Ocean, they brought tears to many eyes.

And I remember a voice sweet and low rising over the waves as it sang of Annie Laurie and her lover true.

* * * * * * *

The day after that I saw the captain with a strange look on his face—a look that seemed to indicate that something was wrong.

It struck me—I do not know why—that his eyes had a half-distracted wild expression.

His brows were knitted, his lips closed with almost terrible determination; while over all was something of wondering doubt and dread.

Naturally my first thought was for his wife—she was ill, or something ailed her. I went up to him hastily.

"Good morn'ng, captain. How is Mrs. Hardross?"

"She is well, I think. I have been on deck all night."

"You have? Is there any danger then?"

"I hope not; but——"

He did not finish his sentence, for two or three of the chief officers came on deck, and they were engaged in a very earnest conversation.

There was something wrong, I felt sure, and for a moment my heart almost stood still.

But if there was anything to fear, now was the time for courage.

Yet what could there be to dread?

The silent, sunlit ocean lay calm and serene.

There was no cloud in the sky.

In the far distance there was a green glimmer of the fertile islands that abound in that part of the Indian Ocean.

The throb of the great engines was as regular as the beat of the human heart—the Water-Queen was cleaving proudly the clear green waters.

What could be wrong?

There was no threatening of storm or tempest.

No whirlpool into which the Water-Queen could be drawn down; the laughing skies had no herald of coming horror.

Yet I saw the faces of the ship's officers grow graver and more apprehensive. I saw the chief mate looking out with troubled eyes on the fair flowing sea.

Just then we came within sight of a green and fertile island, with tall trees just visible.

The chief mate grasped the captain's arm.

"There," he cried—"there is the proof. That is the Island of Santa Anna; we have no business to be near it."

The captain muttered a low imprecation.

"You are right," he said. "In Heaven's name what shall we do?"

Mr. Vann came up to me at that juncture with a shame-faced smile.

"Good morning, Sir Gordon. By the way what a dreadful mistake I made the other day! My wife has not forgiven me yet."

My thoughts were so entirely with the group of officers that I wished the stout little gentleman and his rubicund face half a mile away.

I must have looked vacantly at him, for he continued:

"My wife and the bitter beer—do you not remember? Bessie always likes a glass; but she heard Mrs. Chaplin say it was an unladylike 'abit, so she never touches it now, unless I can get it for her unbeknown to any one. She was cross that you should see it."

I saw the faces of the group I was watching grow graver, and, turning impatiently to him, I answered:

"Would you mind if I asked you to talk

to me at another time? I am engaged just now."

He bowed and hurried away; and then I saw the chief mate go down to the engine-room.

I ventured to approach the captain, who stood with folded arms and thoughtful face.

"Good morning, captain," I said. "You look puzzled. There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

He raised his eyes to my face, and seemed to look beyond me—it was a troubled far-off gaze.

He turned, laid his hand on my shoulder, and looked straight into my eyes.

"Sir Gordon, I will trust you," he said. "Only Heaven knows how we have gone—how wrong we are.

"We are out of our reckoning—out of our course."

I did not understand much about nautical matters, but the tone of the voice showed me there was serious danger.

"When do you suppose that it happened?" I asked.

"During the night of the storm," he replied.

"It seems a strange thing to say, but we are so much out of our reckoning as to be almost lost."

"But all will come right again," I said; "a skilful seaman like yourself can remedy the evil."

He drew nearer to me.

"It is strange how I trust you," he said. "It seems to me, when I look at you, that the picture of the Border Knight has come to life and that I am speaking to him. That evil can be remedied, but the danger lies here."

He lowered his voice as he spoke.

"Near this Island of Santa Anna is a reef of rocks. They strike out far and wide under the water.

"Listen, Sir Gordon. They are so sharp and so pointed that a vessel striking on one would be wounded as a living animal is wounded by a sharp knife. Now do you see the danger?"

"But, even if it should arise, you have clever sailors, carpenters who can repair the damage," I said.

"Not if done by the Santa Anna rocks," he replied.

"If we get safely away from here, we may thank Heaven. I for one fear the danger.

"You must keep my secret, Sir Gordon—not a word before the others. It will be time enough for them to know when the worst comes."

"And your wife?" I said.

A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Ah, my wife! She always hated the sea.

"My poor wife—poor Laurie—if anything happens to the good ship or to me, take care of her Sir Gordon. Now go; I must attend to my duty.

"Poor Laurie, she had a foreboding about the sea. Remember, a bright face before the others!"

He went away.

Looking on the smiling ocean and the blue radiant skies, I did not and could not believe there was danger.

The far-off Island of Santa Anna lay green and beautiful under the light of the blazing sun.

Danger—what nonsense!

Danger lay in storms and angry waters, danger lay in fire and tempests, not in sunlight and laughing waves.

I went amongst my fellow passengers like one in a dream, the horrible back-ground of danger making their pleasant companionship the pleasantor.

Mrs. Chaplin told me, with tears in her eyes, that this was one of her children's birthdays, adding that a strange weight lay at her heart, and how she would give much to kiss the child's face.

Major Stanton was busy with his wife and children.

Charley Leslie was all devotion to his pretty wife.

Mrs. Vann, still looking like a thunder-cloud at her husband, talked suitably to me.

The morning was fine, and we sat on deck.

Some reading, some working, others watching the children at play—the sun shining over a pleasant picture.

Laurie Stuart was by Mrs. Chaplin's side, looking better, and counting eagerly the days that must elapse before we landed, enjoying too the far-off prospect of the "green island in the glittering sea."

"If you could but swim across, Sir Gordon, as Leander did the Hellespont, and gather for me one handful of flowers, wet with dew!"

I wished from the depths of my heart that I could.

No fairer face smiled on Leander from Grecian shore than that which smiled on me now.

Laurie raised her beautiful face to the smiling skies.

"I often wonder," she said, "if flowers ——"

She never finished her sentence.

Suddenly there was a terrible grating sound, as though the good ship were being dragged over sharp stone—a dull, horrible sound.

The vessel lurched heavily to the right, then to the left.

More horrible grating followed, the ship trembled, and then it seemed suddenly to right itself and float easily again.

The passengers stood looking at each other with wondering eyes: but I saw the captain with a white face go below, followed by the mate, and I knew that which he had dreaded had happened—the good ship had struck on one of the sharp-pointed rocks of Santa Anna.

There was no outward sign of anything being wrong.

One of the gentlemen said, half laughingly:

"A submarine disturbance."

One or two ladies asked what the noise was; then, as no one replied, they forgot it.

Only Mrs. Chaplin, turning to me, said slowly:

"If I did not know that it was impossible, I should say the ship had struck on a rock. I had heard a sound like that once before, and shall never forget it."

Laurie Stuart turned to me with a look of fear on her lovely young face.

"What a strange noise! How she trembles! Is anything wrong, Sir Gordon?"

"They seem to be slackening speed," I said; and she knew so little of nautical matters that that explanation amply satisfied her.

Then I began to feel reassured. Surely, if anything had happened, we should have known it before now.

All was as usual; the talking and laughing were resumed, the children went on with their play.

Ten minutes afterward I saw the carpenters and other workmen going down into the hold.

In a few minutes the noise of hammers was heard.

The passengers looked at each other.

"What was that?" they asked; and the answer was given by a grim-faced sailor: "Repairs in the hold." No one took much notice of it.

All through the sunlit hours of the long day the noise lasted, while a number of sailors were seen to be busy at the pumps.

Night fell, and the noise ceased; the stars came out in the sky; the rippling waters were hushed and still.

I saw the captain with the same white, set face on deck.

I had not been able to exchange a word with him since the morning. I went to him now.

"There is a dark lookout for us. You know what has happened, Sir Gordon?"

"The ship struck on one of the rocks," I said.

"Yes; and there is a great gaping wound in her side."

"I have heard the men at work all day," I said.

"Yes, they have done their best; but I fear what is to come. Sir Gordon, if anything happens, take care of my wife."

"I will, if I am living myself. What do you apprehend, Captain Hardross?"

"I can hardly tell—a wound from the edge of a Santa Anna rock can seldom be healed.

"We shall see. Heaven is above all. We will do our best.

"We are on the right course again—that is one comfort.

But in the middle of the night, when darkness lay over the waters, we were roused again by the noise of hammers.

"It is very stupid," the sleepy passengers said, "of the captain to allow the men to work at night.

Some one answered that the work was important, and then they turned to sleep again.

Who suspected danger with the light of the stars shining on a calm sea, and the wind whispering like a summer breeze?

I could not sleep. I went down into the hold.

To my dying day I shall never forget the anxious faces of the men, at work almost up to their waists in water which seemed to be ever gaining on them, the dim light of the lanterns, the brief stern commands so instantly obeyed.

Presently a gray-haired man, with a face all furrows, laid down his tools.

"It is of no use, captain," he said; "the more we try to mend it, the larger the rent seems to grow. No human hand can stop it."

And, with looks of despair, the others supported what he said.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY dawn on the waters. The sun, rising, changed them from dark blue to gleaming gold.

There was not a cloud in the sky.

The Island of Santa Anna had faded from view, but farther off was the outline of another, lying like a gem in the golden ocean.

The scene was so peaceful, so sublime, that I forgot the fear and the peril, until I heard a sudden rush of footsteps, followed by a cry.

Soon afterward the captain with an anxious look on his face, came on deck—the deck on which lay the slanting sunshine.

"Sir Gordon," he said, "it is all over. The leak cannot be stopped. The good ship must go down."

Down into those silent, golden waters, flushing under the kiss of the sun—down into silence and death.

I looked at him.

"It cannot be so bad as that, captain?"

"It is. I am not exaggerating. I see no hope.

"The hold is several feet deep in water, and the water is slowly, silently gaining on the pumps. I want to say something to you while there is time.

"Nearly every woman on board the ship has some one to take care of her. In the hour of peril my wife will be alone. You have neither sister nor wife—will you take care of Mrs. Hardross?"

"Yes," I replied simply.

"Would to Heaven I had died," he exclaimed, with subdued passion that touched me, "before it happened!"

"You cannot have lost all hope?" I said.

"There are the boats, with able sailors to man them."

He held up his hand with a gesture of despair, sublime in its intensity.

"No—I ordered the fact to be concealed, but the long-boat and all but one of the others were washed away in that terrible storm.

"We have but one boat—my wife must be put into it when the worst comes. You will keep your promise?"

"Yes," I answered.

He turned from me with a sorrow in his face I pray Heaven I may never see equaled.

"I shall call all hands on deck," he said, "and set extra men to work at the pumps."

I turned from the golden glory of the day sick at heart, with a great terrible, nameless dread.

A few minutes later the deck was crowded with men.

Then I saw what a brave sailor really meant.

The captain, who had raised his hand to me in such abandonment of despair, gave his orders now with dignified courage.

There was no sign of fear about him.

His face flushed, his eyes flashed; he trod with a firm step.

One could see that the Creole blood was all on fire.

He looked like a man who would stand alone on deck, and unshrinking, while the ship went down; this man, who rose to a hero's height now, was the same who had struck savagely at his wife.

Then—ah me, when will the memory of it fade!—one by one the white faced terrified woman came amongst us. Mrs. Chaplin whispered to me:

"I am not a coward, Sir Gordon—you may tell me the truth. Is there danger?"

"The captain fears so," was the cautious reply.

Her noble face grew white.

"Oh, my children—my dream!" she cried. "I shall never see them again!"

"There is always hope while there is life," I said; but she clenched her hands tightly.

"There is no hope; I have felt it all along—the ship is doomed! Oh, my children—my dear little children!"

Her voice sank to a wailing moan inexpressibly painful to hear.

She went to the side and stood watching the sunlit water.

"The pumps," said Major Stanton, who had discovered our danger, "appear to be of little use; the leak is gaining on us."

His lips quivered as he spoke, though not from fear—I knew that well; but his eyes were on his wife and children.

One child was hiding its face on its mother's neck, the other was clinging to her dress.

She looked up at me with a smile that went to my heart.

"The little darlings are frightened," she said, "at the unusual noise, so I have kept them with me."

"Take the little ones and get some tea, Edith," the major said to his wife; and she moved away quietly.

The next person I saw was Charley Leslie, with the light all faded from his face and terror in his bright blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he asked, eagerly. "Oh, Heaven my poor young wife!"

A white little hand touched mine next, and, looking up, I saw the beautiful, troubled face of the captain's wife, my charge.

"Sir Gordon," she said, with trembling lips, "I am sure there is something wrong. My husband has been more than thirty hours on deck, and he looks so anxious. What is it?"

She must have read the answer in my face, for she cried out suddenly:

"Oh, the cruel, treacherous sea! What harm is it going to do to us? It does not deceive me with its soft murmurs. Oh, the terrible, awful sea!"

She clasped her white hands, and looked out over the sunlit waters.

"Dear Heaven, what is to be done?" she said.

"Mrs. Hardross, will you listen to me?" I asked.

"You would like at some time or other to see home again; you would like to stand under the shade of the green trees to listen to the sweet chiming of the church bells, to look on the green fields and grassy lanes—you would like to see near old England once more?"

Her dark eyes looked into mine.

"I should indeed," she assented.

"Then pay attention to me. There is danger.

"Your husband has told me about it; he has given you into my care. But I can safely say this—that, if you will be brave, with Heaven's help and blessing I will save you."

"Oh, the cruel, treacherous sea!" moaned the poor child.

"Save me from it!"

Her innocent hands caught mine and held them.

Her innocent face, all streaming with tears, was raised to mine.

"I am so frightened, Sir Gordon! My husband will forget all about me if the ship is in danger; he cannot help it; he will not have time to think of me."

"He has already thought of you," I said.

She went on in a low, quiet voice:

"I remember once reading a story of the French Revolution.

"A young girl was going to the guillotine, and in the fatal car near her sat a young man, a stranger to her.

"She held out her hands simply enough to him, and asked him if he would hold hers while she died.

"Sir Gordon, some short time since you were a stranger to me. I little dreamed it would be my fate to find a grave at sea. Sir Gordon, if—if my husband is too much engaged with his duties, if he has not time to attend to me, may I be near you when I die?"

My eyes grew dim as I looked at the beautiful, innocent face and childlike quivering lips.

"I have promised to take care of you," I replied, "and I will keep my word."

"I am afraid I shall be a terrible coward," she said. "It would be easier to die when the sea was rough than in this lovely golden calm. Tell me how the mishap has arisen."

I told her the story just as that story has been told to me.

"And when—when will the calamity overtake us?" her white lips murmured.

"That I cannot tell—that no one knows. We must hope while we may. Heaven in its mercy may avert the doom of shipwreck."

"It is only my foreboding realized," said the captain's wife.

"Where others have heard music I have only heard a requiem in the waves. It was to be."

Then her fair young face brightened a little as she looked around.

"There are so many men on board," she said—"surely they will devise some means of saving the vessel.

"Our case cannot be hopeless. Why, Sir Gordon, no one would think there was anything wrong."

That was true, but for the troubled faces of the officers and the exertions of the men working at the pumps.

The beautiful delicate face was growing paler.

"I have often thought of death," she said, quietly—"death that is, as the children say, 'a falling asleep.'

"I have dreamed of a grave covered with green grass and white daisies, but I cannot think of lying for all time under these restless waves.

"What would my mother have thought if any one had told her, when I was a little child, that I should find a grave in the Indian Ocean? Is drowning a very terrible death, Sir Gordon?"

"People say not. They say that after the first struggle there comes to the drowning a delightful dreamy trance in which the whole of their past comes before them. I hope it is true."

"It would make death easier," she sighed.

"You promise that you will be near when the waters close over us?"

At that moment Edith Stanton's little girl came running up to us—all the children loved sweet Laurie Stuart.

"Mrs. Hardross, come to mamma," she cried.

"Poor mamma is crying, and baby is crying—do come to her."

"I must take my turn at the pumps," I said; "after that I shall be near you."

I watched the fair young girl and the little child as they walked away together.

"Any news?" I asked, as the second mate hurried by.

"The pumps are of no use," he said. "The water gains on us every hour, no matter how the men work. The captain talks of speaking to the passengers."

"What is your opinion?" I asked.

"I have none, sir," said the man. "I can only say, may Heaven have mercy on our souls!"

And I knew that he had no hope left.

* * * * *

The warm, sunny, brilliant day wore away, and no sign of help or hope appeared.

The men worked like giants; but, labor as they would, the water deepened in the hold.

They came away with despondent faces; others took their places.

But the water deepened and deepened until at length it reached the engine-room and put out the fires.

We had worked with the energy of despair, but it was all of no avail.

I saw death written in the rays of the sun, death in the gleam of the sunny water, death in the depths of the azure sea, death in the golden haze of heat that lay on the ocean—death everywhere.

We were all gathered together in the grand saloon when the captain came to announce the fatal truth.

We awaited him with anxious, expectant, agonized faces.

We heard the doom he pronounced, some with the courage of hope, some with the calmness of despair.

I can see him now, pale and erect, without a quiver on his face or in his voice, telling us that all that human skill and human power could do had been done, but that it was in vain—that only a few hours lay between us and death.

He reminded us that every one had to die, that death came but once, and prayed us to meet it with Christian fortitude.

Then he bowed and left us.

What a scene followed!

Men gathered wives and children in a passionate embrace, crying aloud to Heaven for mercy.

Mothers clasped their children with low cries of agony.

I saw Helen Leslie fling her arms round her husband's neck, saying:

"I will not believe it, Charley—it cannot be true."

Mrs. Stanton lay with her head on her husband's breast.

Laurie Stuart crept nearer to me, whispering.

"You will not forget your promise, Sir Gordon—you will let me die near you?"

Even in that hour the desolate loneliness of her prayer struck me afresh.

"I will be near you," was all the reply I made.

I can only pray Heaven that I may never witness such a scene again.

For nearly an hour it lasted; then the cries of the children, the wailing of the women, the outspoken anguish of the men, were all hushed, and, as though moved by one impulse, they knelt down to pray.

"Hush, darlings," said the mother—"Heaven's merciful arms will open to us!"

"Look up, love," said more than one husband to his wife—"we shall enter into eternity together.

"I shall see my children," said Mrs. Chaplin to me, "just as I saw them in my dreams;" and Laurie Stuart, with a nameless fear in her eyes, clung to the brave woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Widow.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

MR. AUGUSTUS REVLINGTON looked through the spiry clouds of cigar smoke that were floating lightly through the room—looked at Tom Spencer with such a cool, contemptuous, pitying glance, that that young gentleman actually laughed outright as he finished speaking, and then immediately began again—

"Upon my word, Gusty, old boy, but you are as good as a play, and the rare fun of it is I believe you honestly mean every blessed word you say."

"Of course I mean every word I say.

"Why shouldn't I, when my life is a practical illustration of the theory I have held to—that a man is a fool to fall in love?"

Spencer leaned meditatively back in his chair.

"Let's see, Gus; how old are you? I'm thirty-five, you know, and I can remember when I was a little shaver, you were quite a young man. How old are you, Gus?"

Mr. Revlington replied, very promptly—

Old enough to know human nature pretty thoroughly. That is, fifty-three next Mayday."

Spencer looked admiringly at him—hale, hearty, handsome, with his grey, luxuriant beard, bushy hair, and wide-awake, blue eyes—handsome enough to slay woman's hearts yet, backed, too, by a snug fortune.

"Fifty-three. You never look it, Gus. You're as young as I am—and never in love once, yet.

"The saints preserve you when you do take the madness. It'll hit hard."

Mr. Revlington smiled with calm superiority.

"I'll risk it, Tom. And more, I'll confess the soft impeachment when I'm first attacked."

Tom laughed aloud at this dignified earnestness.

"Good. I'll wager a basket of champagne she'll come in the form of a widow, too—one of those dimpled-cheeked, rose-bud-mouthed little widows, whose eyes will discover your vulnerable spot by the species of magnetism they are sure to possess.

"I declare I'm quite excited over it, Gus.

"Let's drink to the health of the future Mrs. Revlington, likewise the little Rev——"

"Stop just where you are, Spencer. A joke's a joke, but——"

Tom had tossed off his Clicquot very lightly.

"But when it comes to be possible reality it is another thing, eh?"

He laughed, and lighted a second cigar.

* * * * * *

"If you please, sir, is this seat engaged?"

It was the sweetest, silveriest voice Mr. Augustus Revlington had ever heard in all his life, with all his experience among well-bred women, who talked in low, gentle tones, sweet as the notes of a bell.

It was her voice, so wondrously enchanting, that made him look quickly up from his paper, to see a graceful, lady-like girl—no, hardly a girl, for there was maturity in face and form that was far more charming than the blushes and consciousness of a girl.

A young lady, draped in clinging, stylishly-cut garments of some soft, black fabric—cashmere Revlington knew it was, for he was no mean connoisseur in women's toilettes—with small, perfect hands, wearing dark pearl kids.

With a dainty little hat trimmed in lavender and jet, and a thick black veil thrown over her head and face—almost as if she were anxious to hide herself.

She halted inquiringly beside his seat as she spoke.

"Engaged? No, madam."

Mr. Revlington bowed as he answered her, and removed his handsome travelling-satchel to the floor.

Then, as she sat down with a prompt, musical "Thank you," he caught himself wondering why he had said "Madam."

"She surely cannot be married," he thought, remembering her sweet voice: "sure enough, she's a widow.

"A fellow with half an eye would know that—young, pretty, in light mourning; that means 'not inconsolable.'"

He turned to his paper again, and began to read the stock report, thinking what a fragrant perfume this aristocratic little lady had brought with her.

Then she suddenly, but half deprecatingly, spoke to him again.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but if you will be good enough to place my shawl and package in the rack?"

"I beg pardon for my stupidity. Can I be of further service?" he replied, madam.

He asked it with a vague desire to hear her speak.

And wishing that horrid veil were off, so he could see the fair face he knew must accompany such a figure, voice, and manner.

"Only to tell me when we come to Edgehill Park."

"Edgehill park. Certainly—I stop there myself."

Somehow, that made them acquainted; and Mr. Revlington laid down his paper, and a most delightful conversation ensued between this sweet-voiced woman and Augustus Revlington, the invulnerable.

"I am going on a visit, you see, to Edgehill Park, and it seems so strange to think I am an entire stranger to the family whose guest I am to be. They were friends of my husband's."

Mr. Revlington was triumphant at this proof of his skill in reading facts.

"Then you are a widow? I thought as much."

She answered very quickly—

"For three years. Isn't it very warm in here?"

A sudden thought occurred to Mr. Revlington—an inspiration direct from heaven surely.

"Not very warm—but your heavy veil oppresses you, perhaps."

His heart actually quickened its beats as the little kidded hands unfastened the sparkling jet pins that held the veil.

Was her face as enchanting as her manner?

And then, of a sudden, there rushed over him, like a flood, the remembrance of Tom Spencer's laughing prophecy.

A pretty little widow, with magnetism in her manner—and here was the widow and the charming, well-bred tones, as all events! Was she dimpled and rosy?

If she was—and Mr. Revlington smiled and sneered at the same minute, then—was actually guilty of staring at the sweetest face he had ever seen in his life—a pure, pale face, with scarlet lips he experienced a sudden desire to kiss, with roguish eyes, grey and liquid, and shadowed by thick, dark lashes and brows just the hue of her wavy hair.

His heart certainly was demoralised, playing him traitor, or something, for it beat faster than it had for many a day.

Suppose—just suppose—that what that ridiculous Spencer had said was true!

Only suppose, for the sake of argument, that this delicious little widow should take a fancy to him!

And, in the very face of all his past declarations, despite his fifty-three years—thirty of them experience among the fair sex—Mr. Revlington caught himself quivering with delight at the thought.

Such a little darling as this would be to pet, such a fascinating creature to present to one's friends as "My wife, old fellow, you know."

Such a radiant face to have opposite one at the table morning and night!

Only—what on earth would Spencer say?

Say?—why, turn green with jealousy that he had not won this peerless, grey-eyed beauty himself—the selfish fellow!

Then, a horrible feeling, not unlike jealousy, flushed up in his heart as he remembered Edgehill Park was where Spencer's folks lived.

And this little divinity was going to visit at Edgehill Park!

"Did I understand you to say you would visit at Edgehill Park—at your late husband's relatives?"

Mr. Revlington had assuredly understood as much.

He asked the question, perhaps, with the vain hope of having been mistaken.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled sweetly.

"Yes, at the Spencers'. Do you know the family?"

Mr. Revlington felt as if a stream of cold water had been suddenly poured down his back.

Did he know the Spencers?

"Yes, I know them—rather an old fellow one of them.

"You'll see him, of course. I suppose you've heard of Tom?"

"Yes, I think I have. Handsome, isn't he?"

Mr. Revlington shrugged his shoulders.

"He might suit some tastes, not mine, and I may venture to say, not yours.

"I am older, somewhat older than you, and let me warn you that Mr. Thomas Spencer is a renowned lady-killer, a boaster of his success in winning hearts. I hope you will not——"

She laughed and blushed so deliciously, and gave Mr. Revlington such a look.

"I had not heard such a report of Mr. Spencer.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, with a smile.

"Awful! although, perhaps, an old bachelor like myself am——"

She gave a delightful little start of surprise.

"Are you a bachelor? Why, I thought surely you were a married gentleman. You are so——"

She hesitated half confusedly, half laughingly.

Mr. Revlington looked very ardently at her.

"So—what, if I may ask, madam?"

"Well—so—so nice, I was going to say."

Heaven! this beautiful woman thought he was nice!

Mr. Revlington forgot Tom Spencer, Edgehill Park—everything except that he only wished she had thought him something more than nice.

"I am very proud of your good opinion.

"I only wish I was in the happy condition you imagined me."

She cast her eyes down then, and played with the handle of her satchel.

"I am quite sure it is your own fault that you are unmarried."

"Do you think so, really? If I thought it, I'd be an engaged man before——"

He hesitated, actually appalled at his own sudden boldness and interest.

"Take my advice, Mr.—oh, I would so like to know your name."

He handed her his card, and wondered at the roguish mischief that shot suddenly in her eyes.

"Mr. Revlington? Why, I've heard of you before!"

He bowed, and at the same time looked exceedingly happy.

"Thank you. And, knowing me, do you still adhere to the opinion you have regarding—ah—appertaining to—my success, if I contemplate marriage?"

It was his boldest stroke, and his heart went pit-a-pat most rapidly.

"Indeed I do; and if there is a lady in the world you love, take my advice, and tell her. Is there one?"

Her sudden, archly-challenging question almost routed his sense of propriety, but he answered very eagerly—

"Only one in all the wide world, madam, whom I ever dreamed even of admiring.

"A perfect little darling, with the sweetest face and brightest eyes——"

The train came to a standstill, and the guard bawled unfeelingly in his face of this burst of rhapsody—

"Edge-h-ill P-ar-k-k!"

Mr. Revlington arose and handed her parcels to her.

"I am so interested, Mr. Revlington. Can't you call at Mr. Spencer's while I am there? I would be so glad to see you."

It seemed as if he was treading on air, perfumed with fragrance wafted from Araby the Blest.

Invited to see her—actually invited to see her, this peerless, perfect, bewitching woman!

And right under Spencer's nose, too!

What would Tom say?

Of course he'd be for trying his arts on her the first thing.

But, from indications, it would be "no go."

This charming widow had manifested her interest in himself, and it wouldn't be his fault if it stopped there.

Go to see her?

If business went to smash by his absence.

And he took her dainty little hand very cordially, as they stood on the platform—the only passengers for Edgehill.

"If you will make me happy by giving me your name——"

She laughed and showed her pretty teeth then a brighter, happier light sprang into her eyes as Tom Spencer rushed up and caught both her hands.

"Florrie! Hallo, Revlington! you by this train?"

Mr. Revlington bowed dignifiedly, and "Florrie" turned her bright, laughing face to him.

"Mr. Revlington has been very good to me, Tom. Introduce me, won't you?"

Tom laughed—more at the odd expression of Mr. Revlington's face than anything else.

"Of course, with pleasure. Mr. Revlington, this is Mrs. Estcourt, known more familiarly as Florrie to me, who has come to visit my family, prior to making one of it in a few weeks. You'll get cards, Gus, in good time."

"And you'll be sure to come, Mr. Revlington?

"I do hope you'll take my advice about the sweet girl you were speaking of, and thanks for your kindness. I'm quite ready Tom dear."

Mr. Revlington bowed mechanically and watched them walk off, with more of homesick pain in his heart than had ever affected it before.

Then he went about his business like a sensible man, and by the time the bewitching widow wrote her name Florrie Spencer, he had come to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, Tom had the worst of it.

NOT long ago a new member of Congress was invited to a dinner. He described it thus: "There was nothing on the table when I got there but some forks and spoons and bricky-brac. Presently they brought in some soup. As I didn't see nothin' else I thought I'd eat all the soup I could, though soup is a mighty poor dinner to invite a feller to. So I was helped four times, and then came on the finest dinner I ever see, and there I sot," groaned he, "chock full of soup!"

"WELL, Jack, I suppose you are training that terrier pup I gave you last month?" "Well, no I am; I'm afraid that dog will never amount to much." "How's that?" "Well, you see I wanted to crop his tail; so I held him over a stump while brother Tom chopped; Tom, you know, is a little cross-eyed, and he chopped a little too high up. The tail's all right, but there's hardly enough dog left to pay for training it, as it were."

Bric-a-Brac.

HAPPINESS.—For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art, form a graceful design.

THE FIRST.—The first set of false teeth made in this country by a native American dentist were carved from ivory for George Washington. John Greenwood of New York, was the maker. The profession was introduced into the United States by a Frenchman, who was connected with the forces which had joined the American army during the Revolution.

THE WORLD'S AGE.—Troy, recently discovered by Schliemann, was destroyed by fire 1175 B. C. The whorls, stone implements, pottery, bronze and bone articles found there are exactly like the relics of the lake and cave dwellers of Europe, for which an antiquity of thousands of years is claimed. It is claimed and not proved, and Schliemann's discoveries have played sad havoc with the theories of critics and scientists.

WOMEN SMOKERS.—One of the customs of the female natives of Panama is to walk along the streets smoking long, slender cigars, in much the same manner as men do here. It is customary for the people, there, and especially for the women, to gather in the public markets as early as sunrise to gossip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. As there are few newspapers in Panama and a proportionally small number of readers, the market is the place where the news of the town is always to be learned.

"NOT."—Typographical errors, as a general thing, are not calculated to enhance the value of publications of any kind, but the Lenox Library, in New York city, has in its possession two Bibles which are prized by collectors as much for the quaint error that occurs in the printing as for their antiquity. The are known as the "Wicked Bibles." One is an English version, bearing a London date of 1631, and the other is a German edition published a century ago. The curiosity, which is the same in both of them, consists in the comical omission of the word "not" in the Seventh Commandment. Both are perfect, however in other respects.

HOW FAR.—The following distances, as the crow flies, are worth remembering: From New York to Boston, 236 miles; from New York to Philadelphia, 87 miles; from New York to Washington, 225 miles; from New York to New Orleans, 1,597 miles; from New York to Chicago, 891 miles; from New York to Cincinnati, 744 miles; from New York to St. Louis, 1,000 miles; from New York to Salt Lake City, 2,532 miles; from New York to San Francisco, 3,306 miles; from New York to Paris, 3,557 miles; from New York to Rome, 4,396 miles; from New York to St. Petersburg, 4,800 miles; from New York to Calcutta, 8,300 miles; from New York to London 3,666 miles.

ETIQUETTE.—Louis XIV., taking air in the garden of Versailles with his courtiers, saw Mansard, the architect, walking through one of the alleys. He soon joined the old man, and Mansard took off his hat, as was strict etiquette in the presence of his sovereign; but the Grand Monarque lifted up his hand in friendly reprehension, and said, "Pray keep it on. The evening is damp, and you may take cold." The courtiers, who were all standing bareheaded around the King, as was the custom, stared at this extraordinary show of courtesy. But Louis XIV., observing their surprise, said, "Gentlemen, you are amazed, but learn this—I can make a duke or a marquis with my own breath, but God only can make a Mansard."

HOD CARRIERS.—As there are no hod carriers in Germany, says a correspondent for the simple reason that a hod is as unknown there as an Irishman is, each brick must be passed from hand to hand again. The higher up the bricklayers are the more men are required to toss the bricks. Two men to a story is about the average, with enough more to lean from the front of the building to the place where the bricks are needed. Thus I have seen three men on the ground, eight on the front of the building, and five on the top making sixteen men through whose hands each brick passed before it reached its place of destination. I have frequently stood and watched a single brick go climbing up the front of a building leaping from hand to hand, and I wondered every time why in the world horse, horse power, or steam engines were not used.

ON SUNDRY SUNSETS.—"I must have some rest this summer," said the clock; "I am all run down." "I think I need a country seat," said the easy chair, leaning on his elbow. "I am getting played out," said the piano; "a little fresh air would be a good thing for me." "That's what I want," said the sofa; "a little fresh hair at the springs." "I should like to go with the sofa, and lounge in the woods," said the foot-stool. "If my legs were stronger," said the table, "I should go to the country for some leaves." "Country board is always so plain," growled the sideboard; "nobody that is nobby or polished goes there." "Let me reflect," said the mirror; "they have very plain-looking lassies there, too; don't they not?" "You make me plush," said the divan; and here the housemaid closed the folding-doors and shut them all up.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

One of us, love, must stand
Where the waves are breaking on death's dark strand,
And watch the boat from the silent land
Bear the other away.
Which will it be?

One of us, love, must bear
The heavy burden that none may share;
And stand, all lone and desolate, where
We've stood in life's fair day,
Joyous and free.

One—either you or I—
Must hear the mandate, "Thy friend must die!"
And send with agonizing cry
That only God can hear.
Which will it be?

And one must close the eyes
Of the other—the tender, loving eyes—
And kiss the dead face that before us lies;
The face so calm, so dear—
Oh! agony!

One when the other is gone
Will lean on the cold memorial stone,
And brokenly sob, "Alone—alone!
And the winds will sigh
Over you or me.

And one—grown old and gray,
Perchance—will walk still earth's toilsome way,
And dream of the love that lives for aye,
As the years roll by.
Which will it be?

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau, to Mrs. Gower, London—

"June 15, 188-.

"Dear Madam,—Since writing to acknowledge receipt of cheque, events have occurred which justify the conclusion we had drawn and fully realize the hopes with which our proceedings have been planned.

"I am happy to inform you that Sophia Kirby arrived here last Thursday, introducing herself as Miss Drummond, and the cousin of Sir Gilbert Linton.

"You possibly know whether Sir G. has any such relative bearing that name.

"Her appearance coincides exactly with the description furnished by my partner in London, from information obtained in the neighborhood of Monkden, and with the general particulars furnished by you, excepting that the woman's hair is light in color, instead of dark.

"This discrepancy is easily accounted for by the bottles of washes and dyes which I have found in her boxes, and which I have positive knowledge she uses night and morning.

"Her conversation and manner agree, entirely with the supposition that she is Sophia Kirby.

"She has the character of a servant and the dress of a princess.

"In her boxes I have failed to find any letters or documents to prove her identity.

"Her linen is unmarked. Her jewelry consists of two watches, one set with seed pearl and one hundred and fifty diamonds; three chains, one cable Albert, one nine long-link Albert, gold, one long delicately-chased lady's chain, gold, interspersed with cat's-eyes.

"Superb spray for the hair, representing a clove pink in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds.

"Garniture, consisting of necklet, pendant, and ear-rings in emerald and diamonds, set in French gold.

"Five pairs of ear-rings, the most remarkable being two single rose diamonds of large size and extraordinary lustre, with fastenings, in English gold.

"Ten bracelets, seed pearl and turquoise—diamonds and rubies—filigree silver—plain silver.

"Antique cameos, long, and each surrounded with diamonds.

"Bangles, silver, gold, and gold set with sapphires.

"A square box, antique, eight inches long, six broad, and five deep, solid silver, studded with gems, locked, and not to be opened by ordinary means, heavy, and, judging by the sound when shaken, containing stones and loose trinkets.

"You may be able to tell me whether you identify any of these articles with the Lady Linton's jewels.

"A silver revolver, bearing the name of a Parisian maker, is in all probability a later acquisition.

"I may mention, while on this subject, that the revolver is charged, showing that the woman has proved herself to meet any desperate contingency which may ensue.

"The boxes contain no further evidence; though perhaps I should mention that a pair of light-blue satin shoes, scarcely soiled and embroidered with seed pearls, is amongst the effects, and that the size is No. 2, whereas S. K.'s shoes and boots are all No. 3.

"I will now proceed to give an account of what has happened.

"S. K. arrived in the absence of Sir Gilbert, and with the utmost effrontery declared her intention of staying.

"She did not disguise the contempt she had for Lady L., and adopted an insolent tone in speaking to her, which would have aroused the anger of any one less naturally amiable than she.

"She had not been in the house half an hour before she avowed having been in love with Sir Gilbert, and signified that he had been unfaithful to his first wife.

"She ordered Lady L. to send to Fontainebleau for the luggage, and instructed me as to the accommodation and services she required.

"In fact, it was evident that she had come to the house with the intention of making herself the mistress of it and insulting Lady L.

"Lady L. was at first simply terrified. When she regained composure, she showed herself painfully anxious to disguise her feelings and treat her husband's relative with courtesy.

"Pending Sir G.'s return, Lady L. entertained her visitor by showing her the house and grounds.

"Afterwards they entered the salon, and I was able to glean a few scraps of their conversation.

"S. K. seemed anxious to learn all about Lady G.'s engagement, her marriage, and so forth.

"Lady L. was much embarrassed to reply and finally said it was a subject on which she could not speak freely even with her most intimate friend.

"S. K. pretended to be much amused, and adopted a bantering tone, as if she were teasing a child, and, having found out Lady L.'s susceptibilities, did her utmost to wound them.

"She signified that Lady L. was a simpleton, a pretty toy that Sir G. had taken up to clear away the gloomy thoughts produced by the loss of his first wife, and, laughing heartily when L. defended her husband, declared that he was no better than the rest of mankind, and might be as unfaithful to his second wife as he had been to his first.

"In a patronizing tone she bade her look at life not from a schoolgirl's point of view, but as a woman of the world, who, having married a man of the world, must put up with the consequences as the price to be paid for the material advantages she had obtained.

"Lady L. met her husband on his return with the most unhappy expression upon her face which I have yet seen there.

"They consulted privately, and the result was that Lady L.'s manner entirely changed and I concluded that Sir G. had promised to dismiss his visitor.

"He then went into the library to meet S. K.

"What occurred then I was unfortunately prevented from overhearing.

"The upshot however completely overthrew my expectations, for S. K. remained, and is now firmly established here.

"This is conclusive that she holds Sir G. under her thumb.

"Her behavior is insulting, both to Sir G. and his wife.

"She calls the former 'Bertie' and the latter 'Baby'.

"She makes love to Sir G. before his wife's face, kisses him when they meet in the morning and part at night, exercising, as she says, her 'cousinly right.'

"She refers frequently to Sir G.'s first wife, with equivocal allusions to their connection at the Abbey, which must cut Sir G. and his wife also to the quick.

"It is clear that he suffers more on Lady L.'s account than on his own.

"His haggard look shows how much. Yet he suffers that woman to torment him, and to make the wife he loves so tenderly wretched to the most intense degree, and this at a time when she expects to be a mother.

"Would he suffer this torture to continue if 'Miss Drummond' and Sophia Kirby were not one and the same person, or if he had not been that Sophia Kirby's accomplice in the murder of his wife?

"His submission to S. K. is the price of her silence.

"He dare not break his present relations with her, for that would destroy the sole advantage S. K. has in being silent.

She would take her revenge at once by exposing all.

"That exposure would separate husband and wife at once.

"Lady Linton could not live with a man who had murdered his first wife to make her his second.

"If I know anything of her character, she would leave him, and give up every single thing she has received from his hands. He knows this; he knows that such an imprudent rupture with S. K. would cause the death of his wife and their unborn child.

"The only means of escaping such a calamity is in flight, and this, I feel sure, Sir Gilbert is meditating.

"S. K. is not blind to this possibility, and she has already taken precautions to assure herself a clue by which to pursue them.

"She has given me several valuable presents, and last night she said to me, as I was arranging her hair for the night, 'It is my custom, Pierce, at the end of a visit to give twenty or fifty guineas, as the case may be, to the lady's-maid who attends to my little wants.'

"But, as it is just likely that Sir Gilbert, in his eccentric way, may carry off his wife to the other end of the world and take you with her—and that without intimation—you are likely to lose the proper remuneration for your services.

"I should be very sorry for that to occur; and so, if you do go away, I beg you to write a little line to me, saying where you are, that I may send the money on to you.

"You will oblige me very much by doing this.

"May I rely on you? I promised, of course; and you may be sure, madam, that I intend to keep my promise.

"I have taken pains to show you the exact position of affairs, because I wish you to have faith in our action, and also because I wish you to co-operate with us in bringing this case not only to a private confirmation of our suspicions, but to a public conviction of the guilty parties.

"We have sufficient evidence already of Sir Gilbert's complicity with Sophia Kirby, but it is entirely presumptive, and I believe it would be quite impossible to obtain the arrest and extradition of Sir G. and S. K. upon that evidence.

"With patience, we may obtain—and shall, I firmly believe—evidence of a much more convincing kind. S. K. is playing into our hands.

"Prompted by jealousy and hatred, she will carry her insults beyond bearing. The rupture that Sir G now fears must come if this system of persecution continues; there will be an open denunciation at which I shall find means to be present, and my testimony will be sufficient to obtain a warrant for the arrest of Sir Gilbert and Sophia Kirby.

"You may be sure, madam, that I shall do all that is in my power to hasten the catastrophe.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. PIERCE.

"P.S.—It has occurred to me, since writing the above, that possibly Mr. Gower might serve as an instrument to the open disclosure of Sophia Kirby's identity, if you choose to employ him for that purpose.

"Undoubtedly in his visits to Monkden Abbey he encountered S. K.

"Her appearance is sufficiently striking to remain in a man's memory.

"If he were brought face to face with her I feel sure I could discover by his expression whether he had seen her before or not.

"Moreover, her behavior and Sir Gilbert's would be indicative.

"Such a recognition would be of the utmost importance when Mr. Gower takes his place in the witness-box.

"Lady L. is in constant communication with Mrs. Simpson of Kennington, from whom Mr. Gower would learn her place of residence, even if Sir Gilbert does not correspond with him.

"I beg to suggest—as a means of procuring his evidence—that you should desire him to go with you to Paris, taking your daughters with you.

"When there, you will find an excuse to return to London precipitately, leaving your family in Paris.

"The strong affection of Mr. Gower and his daughters for Lady L. will in all probability prompt them to make a hasty visit to Fontainebleau in your absence.

"I shall be glad to know if you approve of this suggestion, that I may make my plans accordingly."

* * * * * *

From Mrs. Gower, London, to Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau—

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower agrees with E. Pierce in every particular, and feels increased reliance in the ability of Messrs. Pierce & Pierce.

"Mrs. Gower identifies all the articles of jewelry described as the property of her daughter, the late Lady Linton.

"The embroidered slippers are also most likely stolen property, the late Lady L. always wearing 'two's.'

"E. Pierce's suggestion relative to Mr. Gower shall be carried out as soon as business arrangements will permit him to take a holiday.

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower encloses a cheque in payment of Messrs. Pierce & Pierce's services up to to the end of the current month.

"Gauntly House, June 17, 188-."

CHAPTER XXII.

GERTIE had never been careless with regard to dress.

Indeed Gilbert had often accused her of coquetry in the pains she took to deck her pretty little person to advantage.

That accusation pleased her, for she saw that the fact pleased him.

But since Miss Drummond's arrival she had spent more time than ever at her toilette, and never before found it so difficult to satisfy herself.

At length she complained to him that she had not really a dress fit to wear in the evening.

And he, laughing, declared that in that case the sooner they went to Paris and bought one that was fit the better it would be.

She accepted the suggestion quite joyfully.

For a whole day at least she would have her husband all to herself.

They could talk without restriction, and there would be no terrible Miss Drummond to fear.

The very next morning they started for Paris, giving their visitor only a quarter of an hour's notice of their intention.

They lunched at the Maison Doree, they had a delicious drive in the Bois, in the evening they went to the Folies Dramatiques, and Gertie was the happiest, gayest soul in Paris.

The next morning Gilbert left her with MM. Worth et Cie., and bade her find him in the Cluny Museum in three hours' time.

After a long and serious consultation, Gertie selected a dress, and went through the necessary measurements.

She wished it to be made in a very latest fashion.

The dressmaker suggested a new pair of corsets, as waists were being worn small.

Whereupon Gertie procured herself an ingenious machine for the contracting her supple and delicate figure into the form of a balloon-neck, and left the establishment with a sigh of satisfaction and an exultant anticipation of the day when she should sit down to dinner in that corset with Miss Drummond.

She turned back to assure herself that MM. Worth et Cie. fully understood that, unless the dress were sent to her in a week at the latest, it would be of no use to her whatever.

M.M. Worth fully understood her—perhaps in another sense than that she intended—and begged her to be quite at ease.

They never disappointed their customers.

In seven days the dress was delivered; it fitted her to perfection when the corsets had done their work.

And now Gertie was prepared to go down into the salon and triumph over Miss Drummond.

Even the frigid Pierce had been moved to admiration by her appearance, expressing herself in correctly respectful terms.

Gertie dismissed her with a smile, and was about to go downstairs, when she fancied it would do her good to sit down by the window for a moment or two.

She felt the necessity of air.

She could not breathe quite freely.

There was an oppression about her heart as if it could not beat easily.

She had felt just such a sensation before under the influence of very strong emotion.

She naturally anxious about the success of this dress—that was it.

If she sat down and composed her feelings, the unpleasant oppression would pass off.

Pierce had opened the windows and closed the persiennes before leaving the room, so admitting the fresh air and shutting out the brilliant light.

Gilbert had been more gloomy than ever since the day in Paris.

How care-worn he looked, and how absent his thoughts were at times!

It was a long while since he had taken notice of her dress.

At one time his eyes detected the slightest change.

Would he remark the dress she wore today, and look happier because it become her so well?

Gertie did not care.

She knew that no dress could be lovelier or more fashionable, and, if it did not show quite so great an amount of arms and neck as Miss Drummond's dresses, it showed enough to prove that they were quite as white and as finely shaped as hers.

One thing was clear—if it displeased Miss Drummond, it would be because she feared it would please Gilbert.

Her position at the window gave her a view of the farther half of the lawn.

The near half was cut off by the deflexure of the persiennes.

Suddenly the very people she was thinking about came into her field of view.

Gilbert came first.

His back was to her.

His head was bent, his hands were crossed behind him.

He was walking slowly.

Evidently he had strolled out from the house.

After him came Miss Drummond, in her horrid pink satin.

She was quickly, clearly bent on overtaking him.

Gertie's fingers twitched nervously at her corsage as she watched.

Miss Drummond overtook Gilbert, and slipped her arm under his.

Ah, he did not take his hands from behind, and simply suffered her to cling to his arm!

With that affectation of arch playfulness which so disgusted Gertie, Miss Drummond lifted her fan with her disengaged hand and tapped Gilbert's cheek.

He walked stolidly onward.

She let her fan drop by her side, and, clasping her hands together upon his arm, leaned towards him until her face almost touched his shoulders.

Her nasty-scented little frizzy curls must be quite in his dear face.

He spoke to her, disengaging his arm from her embrace.

She laughed, turning her head quickly to glance back at the house.

It was that insolent laugh that stabbed Gertie's heart.

She was not jealous—why should she be?

The advances were always on this woman's side.

They annoyed Gilbert.

He had clearly told her that he did not like to be hugged in that way.

Perhaps he had said that her indecent behavior might be seen from the house.

And that laugh had shown how little she cared for the people in the house and what they suffered.

They passed out of the range of the persiennes.

Gertie could follow their movements by only rising from her seat.

They took the path leading up into the forest, Gilbert with his hands in his pockets now, and she once more clinging to his arm.

"He will give his dear arm to me," thought Gertie.

And, thinking no more about the difficulty of breathing and the oppression at heart, she hurried downstairs and through the salon, determined to show that horrid woman that she commanded her husband's respect by means of no artifice, and held his love in spite of her.

Pierce was arranging the chairs in the salon.

"Will your ladyship have the goodness to give me the key of the cellar, that Philippe may get the wine for dinner?" she asked.

Gertrude thought she had given Pierce the keys before going upstairs, and it took five minutes before she found that she had laid them on the casement where she had been sitting.

Gilbert and Miss Drummond had not returned.

She crossed the lawn and followed the path into the fir wood without seeing them.

Probably Gilbert had gone to his favorite seat on the other side of the wood, which commanded a view of the Seine in the magnificent sweep below Thomery.

Often and often she had gone thither together.

She knew the short cut through the firs, and made in a straight line for the point. The dry brown pine-needles formed a smooth carpet under her feet which made her step noiseless.

Only the rustling of the oak scrub that bordered the wood broke the silence.

"After all, I'm what you have made me."

The words fell with startling distinctness upon Gertie's ear.

And, turning her head as she stopped abruptly, she saw them close to her—Gilbert with his back against a tree and his face turned towards the distant hills, Miss Drummond seated on the stump of a cut fir a few feet from him.

Gertie put her hand upon the pole of a fir for support.

The ascent of the hill had made her strangely giddy, and it seemed as if each beat of her heart would suffocate her. It was Miss Drummond who spoke. Gilbert made no response.

After a few moments of silence, she continued—

"Whatever I am, I deserve your consideration. If you have done your best to make me hate you, you have also done your best to make me love you; and, if you have succeeded, you have no right to blame me, however late my love has come. You know I love you."

"It is you who say so."

"I say so. Well, can you deny it? Would any woman in my position, without my love, have been so merciful?"

He laughed contemptuously.

"I have been merciful!" she continued, with emphasis. "What but mercy has made me hold my tongue?"

"Prudence."

"Prudence! What advantage have I gained by silence?

"All that you had to give you offered me at Cherbourg, and I refused it.

"Was that prudence? Tell me what I have to gain by keeping silent."

"There's your life to lose by not keeping silent."

"Oh, do you think I wish to die of old age? I'd blow out my brains to-morrow if I found a wrinkle in my face."

"There's nothing particularly new or interesting in what you say. If you have told me all you wished to tell, we will return to the house."

"I've not finished yet. When I agreed to play my part in the farce that has been running here for the last three or four weeks, I suppressed a very strong inclination to be revenged on that bit of a girl who has taken my place; and for that sacrifice I expected a reward.

"You ought to know that I am not the kind of woman whose fad is self-sacrifice. I never did believe that virtue was its own reward, nor anything like it.

"If you thought I should rest content to be a visitor in the house which should be mine, and to witness another receiving those caresses to which I have the first claim, you were mistaken.

"I expected at least to share your caresses—I tell you that you may know how to reconcile me to the position you wish me to retain.

"I am flesh and blood, Gilbert; I am a woman with rather more than a woman's share of passion and jealousy, and I tell you that the present condition of things is intolerable. I can read that stupid child's face, and I know the meaning of her gaiety to-day; she has a dress to wear at dinner to-day which she thinks it will mortify me to see. She is right—for you gave it to her."

"I'll give you a dozen as good, you know, for the asking."

"I don't choose to ask."

"Ah; and all this business is because the poor girl has a new dress—oh?"

"Whether it is that or something else doesn't matter.

"The result is that I am resolved that this state of things shall end."

"Have you any alteration to suggest?"

"Yes, I have."

She paused.

Gilbert continued to look with a dull eye on the golden hills.

Gertie had listened like one in a dream, who has a vague futile wish to get away or not to hear.

Now and then a pang shot through her body, as if a knife were being thrust into her, and she had to bite her lip to prevent a cry escaping; and then a cold moisture broke out upon her forehead, and there was a sickness at her heart, and her limbs trembled so that each moment she expected to lose her hold upon the tree and fall. Oh, if she could only get away without being seen or heard!

"You must send that maudlin child away!

"That is what it must come to sooner or later."

Gertie heard that, and summoned her courage with the desperate resolution of getting down the hill before her pain came again.

"You will throw her aside as you threw me aside."

A dull thud, like the sound of a log falling on the turf, reached Gilbert's ear above the harsh raking voice of Miss Drummond; and, turning his head he saw his wife lying face downward's on the earth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERTIE'S swoon was not of long duration.

When consciousness returned, she found her head upon Gilbert's shoulder; she felt that he was carrying her, and they were descending the hill.

Something terrible had happened—she could not remember what.

It was delightful to know that she was in his arms, and to yield to the desire to close her eyes and forget again.

Presently she felt something cold upon her temples—so cold that it took her breath away, and, opening her eyes, she discovered that she was lying upon the ground, with her head resting in the hollow of her husband's arm, and that he was dipping a handkerchief in the watercourse by which she lay.

He wetted her temples, and she remembered that she had fallen giddy under the firs.

How tenderly he cared for her!

"Dear one!" she murmured, kissing his hand.

"Better?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I can sit up."

She thought of her new dress, and feared the water would spoil it.

He raised her to a sitting posture, supporting her firmly.

She felt the water trickle slowly from her face, and looked down at her dress in alarm.

The wonderful bodice was cut from the top to the bottom, and, beneath, her corsets gaped open, cut equally from top to bottom.

"Oh, my beautiful dress!" she cried, in despair.

"Good Heaven, Gertie," exclaimed Gilbert, with impatience, "don't you know that the thing might have killed you? What in all creation ever induced you to put yourself in such an infernal machine as that?"

"Does it displease you dear?" she asked, piteously.

"Heavens, do you think to please me by putting yourself on a level with fools—and—and—"

He did not finish the sentence.

And this was the result of her plans to win his admiration, and the end of all those hopes she had so fondly cherished during the week!

She burst into tears, being by far too weak to bear her bitter disappointment with fortitude.

Without a word, Gilbert lifted her up in his arms and continued his march towards the house.

"He thinks I am nothing but a little fool, and will love me no more," she thought, with that extravagant despondency which usually follows such a crisis as that she had gone through.

Then she suddenly recollected what she had heard on the hill.

That woman had told Gilbert that she was a silly child, and that he would throw her aside when he had wearied of her.

Was that a calumny? Was there no truth in it?

Had she not at this very moment proved that she was silly?

Without angry protest he had listened to what that bad woman said against her; he had not kissed her since she had returned to consciousness.

He had seen her burst into tears without attempting to charm them away with his sympathy.

Was it not a proof that he thought her no better than a little fool, and despised her for her folly?

And was it not a truth?

Was she not a fool to so break down before him?

He might suppose she was crying because her dress was spoiled.

Oh, she must do something to prove that she was sensible and strong!

"I am quite myself again now," she said, bringing her voice under control by a strong effort. "I should like to walk; it will do me good."

Gilbert set her upon her feet, and drew a long breath.

With all his strength, he had not the superhuman powers of a hero of romance, and the descent of the hill had severely tried him.

She drew the cut edges of her bodice together as well as she could, and held them with her hands.

Gilbert, supporting her body with his arm, led her round the lawn, under the acacias, to the house.

His silence frightened her.

How could she convince him that she was not a silly child?

"I haven't heard the bell yet," she said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone, as if nothing had happened. "I may not keep dinner waiting, after all."

"O, hang the dinner!" he ejaculated; "time enough for that when we've got you to bed."

Gertie submitted without remonstrance, saying to herself that it would be a poor sign of good sense to oppose herself to her husband's wisdom.

She felt better lying down, with the cool pillow under her head, which ached a little.

Gilbert drew the curtains and kissed her before he went away.

She wished to speak to him.

She did not know what she had to say, but there was a load at her heart which would be removed if only she could pour out its care to him.

But Pierce was in the room, and it was impossible.

When he was gone, she sat up in bed and said:

"Pierce, take away that dress, and the corsets as well; I don't ever want to see them again."

"Yes, madam; does your ladyship want anything else?"

The careful woman was anxious to know what was going on at the dinner-table.

"No; if I want anything, I will ring for you."

Left to herself, Gertie determined to think it all out rationally, and map out her line of conduct.

But her ideas would not arrange themselves—there were so many all hurrying through her mind that they upset each other, as it were.

And somehow the rustling of the poplars by the river and the scent of heliotrope wafted through the persiennes got the ascendency over everything else, and she fell asleep.

It was dark when she awoke.

Her headache had entirely passed away, and she felt refreshed and invigorated by her long sleep.

She remembered now quite clearly all that had taken place from the time she put on her dress to the time she bade Pierce carry it away.

Everything came before her with great distinctness.

Even the phrases she had caught as she stood under the firs, with that sickening pain at her heart.

What she had heard of the dialogue between Miss Drummond and Gilbert had not caused her to faint away.

She had heard little that she had not before surmised.

Gilbert had been Miss Drummond's lover once upon a time.

Miss Drummond told her that the first day she came.

And, unpleasant as the fact was, she had reconciled herself to it as a thing of the past which could not be undone by idle regrets.

He did not love her now—that fact she felt almost certain of—and he never could again.

Oh, he would never cease to love her who was his real wife, if she only bore herself bravely, kept bright and pleasant, and did no foolish things!

It was the knowledge of that which made Miss Drummond so angry.

He would never yield to her horrid wishes.

Where was he now?

What time was it?

With this thought, she drew back the curtain, to see if any light was showing through the window.

It took her a moment or two to make out what she saw.

Ah, the window was open and the persiennes were thrown back—that was how the beauty of the starry heavens came to flash upon her.

Gilbert, perhaps, had come to look at her before going to bed in the next room, and had opened the window, the night being so still and calm.

As she looked, a great dark figure rose against the sky.

"Oh, is it you, my darling?" she cried, recognising the form of her husband's head and body.

"Are you awake, Gertie?" he said, coming to her.

She could not speak, her heart was so full of love and joy to think he should be watching in her room while she was sleeping.

But she drew him down to her and kissed his lips.

"Feel all right again, sweetheart?" he asked, resting himself by her side on the bed.

"Oh, yes—so happy, love!"

She was grateful for the darkness, for tears—she knew not why—had sprung to her eyes and were silently flowing down her cheek on to the pillow. "Is it late, dear?" she added in a whisper, that the sound of her voice might not betray her.

"The old Bear's getting jolly low down.

"And my favorite Pleiades, where are they?"

"Oh, right away out there!" Gilbert extended his arm, then brought it back and stroked her hair gently with his fingers.

Now she was nearly happy, she would talk without being silly.

"I've sent them away, dear," in a light confidential undertone.

"What—the seven stars?"

"No—my dress and corsets. I didn't think they would displease you."

"Of course you didn't. I know all about it.

"You would wear rags with the same purpose.

"Do you think I haven't read the riddle of that dress?

"Poor little Gertie, putting her body to the torture for the sake of a smile, and getting no return for her loving tribute but a harsh rebuke!"

"I deserved it, dear. It was very silly to do that."

"If that was silly, then they were fools, and nothing more, whose devotion led them to the rack. Did I seem very cruel, Gertie?"

"How could you seem cruel, dear, to me?"

"Men are sometimes cruel for mere want of self-command, or perhaps from a kind of brutal instinct to punish those who give them pain.

"I dare say, if I analysed my feeling, I should find that I was angry with you for having risked so much for my sake. Fancy what might have happened!

"Then I was upset, to begin with—worried beyond endurance by that woman, you know."

"Why do you let her worry you, love?"

"Because I can't help myself. We were having a kind of explanation when you were coming to us."

"I was going away, dear. I didn't want to hear what you were saying."

"Ah, you heard something then?"

"Yes, something."

There was perfect silence for a minute.

His fingers ceased to stroke her hair.

"What did you hear?" he asked then, in a low earnest tone.

"I heard her threaten to reveal something which you had made her promise to keep secret."

"That explained why you had tolerated her stay with us.

"But I don't think you need mind that, love, if you would like to send her away."

"Mind that, Gertie?"

"Her speaking. I sha'n't mind it. I think I know the worst."

Again he was silent, as if his courage would not carry him further.

"What do you know?" he said at length. "Tell me."

"She told me, before you saw her in the library on the day of her arrival, that—that you had been sweethearts at the Abbey."

She paused.

"Go on."

"And it seemed to me, dear, that perhaps your connection was more serious than that, and consequently she thought that you ought to marry her when your wife's death made you free to do so. Of course she knows how——"

"Gertie," said he, interrupting her, as though he had not heard her last words, "you've love enough in that heart of yours to have faith in me?"

"Could I love you if I had not?"

"Perhaps," he replied, after a pause. "Yes, I believe your love would outlive your faith.

"If I were criminal in the eye of the law and of all the world, you would yet love me, wouldn't you?"

"The opinion of all the world wouldn't shake my faith in your love for me, and that is all I want."

He changed his position, and was silent again for a space.

"That's not exactly what I mean, Gertie—but it's near enough."

He got up and went to the window, and, leaning on the sill hummed tunelessly.

Gertie was disappointed at this abrupt termination of the conversation.

He had seemed on the point of revealing something to her, something that would require the firmest faith in his love to forgive perhaps.

In her mind she had accepted the truth joyfully, confident that with a little struggle she could overcome her jealousy, and that thenceforward there would be no secret, and the future would be clear and cloudless.

But now she shrank from the subject, she thought, possibly disgusted with the vulgarity and unpleasantness of it, and seemed to think that, if she had faith in him, that was all that was required, and that things might be permitted to take their natural course.

"The sky is growing light over Vulaines," he said, when he turned from the window: "the dawn's at hand."

He closed the *persiennes*, kissed his wife, and spoke a few kind words, drew the curtains of her bed, and left her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GERTIE went down to luncheon on the following morning, fully expecting to be punished by Miss Drummond for her folly.

It is such an easy thing to inflict pain on those who are conscious of having acted unwisely.

Here was such an admirable opportunity for showing Gilbert how unfitted she was for the grade of society in which he had placed her.

She might assume a lofty tone of pity, or she might couch her venomous sarcasms in the form of badinage—no matter how, she would certainly employ all her powers to mortify her and make her ridiculous before Gilbert.

Gertie was undaunted; Gilbert had given her new courage, and she would show him how much love for him and what faith in his love she had by going unflinchingly through any ordeal to which she was subjected.

She would keep her temper—she would not forget that she was Gilbert's wife and a lady; she would bear herself with dignity and as much composure as it was possible for her to command.

What harm was there in all Miss Drummond's sneers and taunts if Gilbert loved her all the while?

Surely he would love her the more for meeting persecution bravely!

And she would keep saying to herself, whenever she felt the need of support—

"There's love enough in that heart of yours to have faith in me."

Those were his words.

But, as not unfrequently happens in this

world of surprises, that which was expected did not occur.

Miss Drummond was absolutely silent with regard to the event in the fir wood, not a single innuendo or unpleasant insinuation escaped her.

But, seeming to see that an apology was necessary for her lack of spirits, she said, posing her thumb and third finger on her delicately-pencilled eyebrows—

"I have an awful headache this morning, Baby—positively awful. Not a word to throw at a dog. You will understand my silence, I am sure."

That was exactly what Gertie could not do.

Miss Drummond was not unfrequently afflicted with headache in the morning; but it was usually marked by an increased severity of temper and a free expression of it.

"Would you like any remedy fetched from Fontainebleau? May I send for a doctor?" asked Gertie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Crime Atoned.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE" "VERA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

WELL, you know already that years ago I was a gipsy, and married a woman as died when her child, our little Rachael, was born.

"P'raps it was because I cared for the mother that grew so fond of the daughter; anyhow, Rachael and me was always together, and happy enough tramping about with the tribe, till she was grown up into the prettiest girl I ever saw.

"Not one of the others could touch her, and when we was on the racecourse, or at the fairs, every young fellow would throw his money into her lap for the sake of her bright eyes and long curls.

"She had plenty to say for herself, too, was always ready with a laugh or a joke, and could hold her own anywhere. Well, nearly eleven years ago we came to this wood, and camped here all the summer, and then a sort of change came over Rachael: she grew quieter and thoughtful like, and her temper got uncertain, and she seemed to like to get away by herself.

"I was puzzled, and asked her what the matter was, but she said nothing, and wouldn't tell me; only another girl, as was jealous of her, came to me and said she was in the habit of meeting a gentleman every evening—a swell as came wrapped up in a large coat, and with a broad-brimmed hat to prevent his face from being seen.

"Well, I didn't say anything to her about it, for just then the camp broke up, and we moved on a good distance from here, and I thought she would get all right again. But she didn't, and as the weeks went by she drooped until she was only a shadow of what she had been; and then, one day when I found her cryin' and sobbin' alone, I begged her to tell me what was the matter, and she did, partly.

"She said that last summer a gentleman had told her he loved her, and promised that in a few months' time he would send for her to be with him always, but she had never heard a word from him since she left the Etheredge Woods, now six months ago, and she was growin' despairin' of his keepin' his word, and marryin' her. 'Damn him!' I said.

"If I know who he was I'd shoot him down like a dog. Was it Mr. Keith Gordon, Rachael?

"And then she fell on my neck and cried pitiful, and begged me to do him no harm, while I cursed my own blindness for not seeing it all before; for you must know this Keith Gordon would often come to our tents, and was so open-handed and free-spoken that not one among us didn't like him.

"I had frequently heard him praising Rachael's beauty, and telling her she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen; but it never struck me to connect him with her shame till then, and I meant what I told her I'd have shot him down if he had stood before me at that minute! A little while after—it was in December—Rachael suddenly disappeared, and I went in search of her at once, and came down here, because I thought this the likeliest place for her to come to.

"I was right, for when I got to Gordon Chase, late in the evenin' on Christmas Eve, I found my daughter dead!—shot through the heart down by that very pool I pointed out to you when we came here half an hour ago!"

He stopped abruptly, his rough voice hoarse and shaken with suppressed feeling but a minute later he added—

"They held a inquest on her body, and brought in a verdict of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,' but it was proved she had gone up to Gordon Chase in the morning, and that Mr. Gordon had met her at the door, and taken her into his study, then afterwards that she had gone to the wood, and he had followed her.

"The gun she was murdered with was picked up close to the pool, and Mr. Gordon confessed it was his property, but in spite of all this the jury said there was not enough evidence against him to commit him for trial, and so he was let go off scot free, although I took care to let them know he had been Rachael's lover, and forsaken her.

"You see there is one law for the poor and another for the rich, and when I saw that it would not touch Gordon I determined to take it in my own hands, so one night I broke into the Chase with a knife in my pocket that would have soon avenged my daughter's death, only luck was against me.

"The butler caught me getting in through a window, and we had a tussle, and he got wounded.

"So when I was took they sentenced me to ten years, and I was carted off, while he, the murderer, was left in safety. But I swore I would kill him, though I waited twenty years, for I knew I couldn't die until her death was paid for.

"And here I am, and this very night he shall suffer part of what he has made me suffer."

To describe the fierce vindictiveness, the thirsty longing for vengeance betrayed by the speaker's voice, would be an utter impossibility.

It made at least one of his hearers' blood run cold, and a shivering fear shoot through her veins as she listened.

"Then you intend breaking in the Chase to-night?"

"Yes, I think I can manage to get in through the study winder, for it is not barred like the others are, and I can easily force it with my tools.

"Lucky for me he only keeps one man servant, so there's not much danger of my being caught."

"Well, mate, I shan't go with you," said his companion, after a little cogitation. "If it was a case of the family plate, or sich like I shouldn't mind, but when it comes to killing—why, that's a bit too risky for me."

"As you like," was Michael Lee's indifferent response.

It did not matter to him whether he had company or not in his terrible task, and at present his mind was only capable of taking in one idea—the execution of vengeance that nothing less than blood would satisfy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE dusky shades of night were beginning to close in over the sombre wood before the two men took their departure, avowedly with the intention of proceeding to the ale-house, and seeing if they could by any means get something to drink.

In the meantime a sudden change had come in the weather, the sky had grown overcast, and thick flakes of snow whitened the atmosphere, giving warning that a heavy storm might be expected before long.

When she felt sure the tramps had gone, Vivien, cramped and chilled through remaining so long in the same position, came slowly down the steps, her senses almost paralyzed by the strange tale she had just overheard.

Could it be true? she asked herself, a stony horror at her heart.

Could Keith Gordon indeed be the double-dyed villain, the monster of iniquity this man's story would make him out, or was it all a hideous delusion—an unreal dream from which she would presently awake?

Vivien pressed her hands against her brow, and shivered as she glanced around, for there was a terrible loneliness in the sombre dusk of the wood, with those slow, soft snow-flakes silently descending, and adding something of a ghostly element to the scene; and Vivien, at all times imaginative, now had her nerves strung to their very highest tension.

She made a great endeavor to think calmly over the situation, but the only thing that presented itself with any clearness was the urgent necessity of at once warning Gordon of his danger—this much more humanity demanded, whether he were innocent or guilty.

She would let that question rest—personally it was nothing to her, she told herself; and the horror she felt at Lee's story was only that which would naturally arise in any woman's breast at the thought of having been brought into personal contact with one guilty of such crimes as were laid to Keith's charge.

Then Vivien made a sudden pause, and her hands fell from her face, and she staggered back as if someone had dealt her a heavy blow; for there, in the solemn silence of the woods, a knowledge came to her that almost overwhelmed her with mingled shame and terror, and brought a flood of crimson pouring over neck and throat—the knowledge that this feeling was not an impersonal one—that this intelligence regarding Keith came straight home to her with a force that, if he had been a stranger, she could not possibly have felt—in a word, that she loved him!

She understood now why, all unconsciously, the hero of her vague maiden dreams had gradually taken shape, and become clothed in Gordon's form—why her fancy had so often recalled that bold, strong face with its half cynical, half mournful expression, and why her heart had beat with a strange, glad rapture at the remembrance that she owed her life to his courage.

But despite her youth and inexperience, and the strange tumult this discovery wrought, the one paramount consideration of Gordon's peril enabled her to collect her thoughts, and decide on immediate action.

The very circumstances of the case precluded her from warning him through a person, so her only chance was to hurry at once to the Chase, and acquaint him with the plot she had just overheard.

Directly she had made up her mind to this she set off with fleet, noiseless footsteps across the wood, the wind blowing the snow into her face, and soughing mournfully through the boughs, as it swept over the leafless trees.

The walk was far from a pleasant one.

For although it was not yet five o'clock, an early winter darkness had set in, and only the shadows of the trees, outlined here and there by the snow lying on the branches, were visible in the damp air.

Besides this, it was bitterly cold, and Vivien shivered as she drew her furs closer over her chest, and glanced around half apprehensively—the solitude, of itself, was dismal enough to frighten her, but the thought that she might possibly encounter either of the two men who had just left the tower held in it a greater terror.

This fear, however, proved itself groundless and she breathed a sigh of relief as she reached the gate leading into Gordon's grounds, and ran swiftly up the ill-kept gravel walk until she came to the house.

Then, without allowing herself time for deliberation, she gave a sharp pull to the bell that awoke an echoing clangor from within the house.

A moment later the door was opened by Gordon himself, whose face expressed the utmost astonishment as he recognised his visitor.

"I wish to speak to you on a matter of importance," Vivien said in a low voice that she vainly endeavored to make firm; and seeing how agitated she was, Gordon led the way into his study, closed the door, and then stood near it waiting for her to speak.

But this, which Vivien had believed would be the easiest part of her task, now proved itself the most difficult, for the excitement that had hitherto helped to preserve her calmness entirely deserted her, and she was not only at a loss for words in which to commence her communication, but a hot sense of shame at the remembrance of Michael Lee's story came over her, bringing with it a very sickness of despair as the awful question of Gordon's guilt presented itself.

Keith, watching the changes in her expressive face, and observing her emotion, was naturally at a loss to account for them; but he said, kindly—

"Has anything happened to distress you—and is it in my power to render you assistance?"

Vivien shook her head.

"It was to warn you that I came," she said, hurriedly, and with averted eyes; and then, in as few words as possible, she told him of how she had been in the tower, and heard one man informing another of his purpose of breaking into the Chase that same night.

But she said nothing of Lee's narrative.

And so Gordon, who had no clue to guide him, seemed much more puzzled than alarmed.

"Then it was for my sake, not your own you appeared so distressed?" he observed, after a few minutes' pause, and in a peculiarly low voice, fixing his eyes on her with a steadiness of expression that made her own fall.

"Well, I thank you.

"If anything could reconcile a man to the misery of existence it would be the revelation of a woman's character such as yours—pure, brave, and true."

Vivien rose hastily—there was no further necessity for her remaining, and yet she wished to convince herself that Gordon would take measures to assure his own safety—a consideration that did not seem to have occurred to him as yet.

"You will see that all the entrances to the Chase are well guarded to-night?" she said, timidly, pausing on her way to the door.

"Yes—except the one by which my visitor intends entering," he answered, with a laugh.

"I shall stand behind that, so as to receive him as he deserves.

"Have you repeated to me all these men said?" he added, knitting his brows together in a puzzled frown.

"Did this one give no clue to his motive for desiring to injure me?"

Vivien grew pale, and made a half-shrinking movement of withdrawal that was not lost on her interlocutor.

"Ah! I see you have kept something back," he exclaimed, quickly.

"But as you have told me so much, I beg you will let me hear the rest."

"Very well," said Vivien, with a sudden calmness, born of a desperate desire that Gordon should hear the truth and have an opportunity of denying the crime imparted to him—a desire that was none the less intense because she herself could not—would not—believe him guilty.

"This man who was plotting against your life gave, as his motive, the fact that you had been his daughter's lover, and after deserting her had killed her."

Gordon staggered back as if the accusation had been a heavy blow that deprived him for the moment of his senses, and there was a pause of a few seconds.

When Vivien ventured to look at him she found a deadly pallor had overspread his features, and he had put his hand across his eyes as if to shut out some dreadful spectacle that presented itself to his mental vision.

"Then it was Michael Lee," he said at last, in a low voice.

"And you," turning to her eagerly, "what reliance did you place on his words?"

Vivien did not reply, and acting on a sudden impulse, Gordon came and stood in front of her, laying his two hands on her shoulders and gazing down into her deep dark eyes.

"Look at me," he said, briefly; "and then tell me whether you believe me innocent or guilty."

She obeyed, and raising her eyes met his glance fully—it seemed in that moment as if each were looking into the other's soul, and as Vivien withdrew her gaze a conviction that no power in the world could have shaken took root within her.

"Innocent!" she exclaimed, in a voice whose glad exultation she made no effort to conceal.

"I would stake my life on my belief!"

His hands dropped to his side as he turned away, and leaning on the back of a chair let his head fall on his folded arms.

There was silence between them for a few minutes, then he drew himself up to his full height with a certain dignity of aspect that gave emphasis to his words.

"Your opinion is justified," he said, in shaken tones that were sufficient evidence of how deeply he was touched.

"Appearances I know were all against me and the fate that kept me silent when the inquest was held still forbids me to speak openly now.

"Only this much I surely may be permitted to say—I was neither the lover of Rachael Lee or the author of her death."

"But there surely cannot exist a reason strong enough to close your lips on such a momentous point?" exclaimed the girl excitedly.

"Yes," he said, shaking his head, "such a one does exist, and I am bound to respect it in spite of everything.

"What it is I may not mention even to you, but of its vital importance you may easily judge, when you think of the life it has condemned me to lead for the last ten years.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, a sudden excitement coming in his manner.

"I have sometimes wondered how I could endure it—how it is that the constant strain has not driven me mad!

"Picture to yourself an existence such as mine—solitary, isolated, miserable—deserted alike by friends and enemies.

"Shunned as the perpetrator of two of the vilest crimes that can disgrace humanity—a very outcast among outcasts!"

It is an utter impossibility to describe the bitter agony of his tones, breathing, as they did, the pent up misery of a life's despair.

But it was only for a moment he allowed his feelings to master him thus.

Then the stern restraint that had grown to be almost a second nature reasserted itself, and brought with it a certain amount of shame for his having betrayed such a lack of self-control.

"And now, perhaps, I had better see you home," he said, awaking to the exigencies of the situation, and knowing better than Vivien how much surprise and comment her presence in his house would excite if it became noised abroad.

"I will walk with you as far as the gate leading into the shrubbery of the Court."

"But will it be safe for you to do so?" demurred the girl, hesitating, "suppose this Michael Lee should be lurking about?"

The question seemed to surprise Gordon. His own safety had been his last consideration, and there was a tinge of amusement, as well as sadness in his smile, while he reassured her.

"It is quite a novel sensation for me to find anyone taking an interest in my well-being," he told her, as they left the house and began walking quickly down the avenue.

"I did not think there was a creature in the world—except, indeed my servants and dogs—who cared whether I lived or died."

Vivien made no answer, and they proceeded in silence until they entered the wood.

Before they had gone very far the young girl stumbled over a stone that she had not observed lying in the path and would have fallen forward had not Keith upheld her.

"You had better take my arm," he observed, offering it with a slight hesitation, and Vivien blushed hotly in the darkness as she accepted the support.

She would have liked to have urged him further on the subject of taking precautions for his own safety, but a very natural reserve held her silent, and neither spoke again until they reached the gate Gordon had mentioned.

There they paused, and he took both her hands in his.

"How shall I thank you for coming to me?" he said, his voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"It is not only for the fact of your warning that I am grateful, but also for the knowledge you have given me that there is one pure heart in the world that has offered me its sympathy."

Vivien never forgot that moment as long as she lived.

Around them was a snow world of dimly-illumined whiteness, above them the solemn immutable stars, shining with the same silent splendor as when, over a thousand years ago, on this very night, that other star had come up from the East, to show the Magi where the Child-Christ was lying.

There was no sound to break the wintry stillness, and for all that could be seen or heard they two might have been the only living beings for miles round.

Perhaps the spell of the moment and the presence of this fair young girl may have had an influence in making the blood course quicker through Keith's veins.

As her hand lay in his Vivien could feel the quick throbbing of his pulses, and through her own frame there ran a swift thrill of half-frightened ecstasy such as never before had stirred it.

Cynic as the world had made him, misanthrope as he had tried to make himself, Gordon was yet young, and the hope, and the beauty, and passion of youth were not dead in his breast, although a stern fate had done its best to crush them into annihilation.

Years ago he had told himself that such desires as most men cherish, to have a fair wife by his side and children in his home must be for him no more than a dream, and that love—the fullest, richest, truest completion of life—could never come to him even in the far-off future.

But for that he had not cared, for he had laughed at love as a poet's fancy, a girl's imagination, an artist's idyll—anything but an influence potent enough to sway strong men.

Now he learned his error, for here on this quiet Christmas Eve he felt its subtle essence creeping like a fever through his veins, while passion whispered that to hold Vivien in his arms, to look down into her lovely lustrous eyes, and feel her heart beating against his, would be a rapture, the like of which life could not offer him.

"Good-bye," he said, hoarsely, pressing her hands to his breast, and half turning away.

As he did so his eyes fell on a little bunch of violets she wore at her throat, and he touched them with his finger.

"Will you give me these as a memento of to-night?" he whispered, and she, not trusting herself to speak, made a quick gesture of assent.

He bent down to take the flowers, and he did so, seized by a sudden uncontrollable impulse, he caught her to him, and kissed her sweet red lips—wild, passionate kisses that were in themselves a declaration and farewell.

Then he turned and left her, standing there in the darkness, her cheeks burning, her heart beating, and every pulse in her body vibrating under the influence of his touch, as a harp answers to the practiced fingers of a musician.

CHAPTER IX.

ROY ETHEREDGE was sitting in his study that same night, reading over, for the twentieth time, a letter he had received by the evening post, when there came a gentle tap at the door, followed by the entrance of Vivien, who crossed the room, and took her customary seat on a low stool, close to her brother's chair.

After much deliberation, and a vain effort to escape from the meshes of the net Trevor had so subtly wound about her, the young girl had given her suitor an affirmative answer, and now came to acquaint her brother with her position.

To say the news astonished him is to say little, for it had never entered his head to regard Trevor as Vivien's lover, and, in good truth, he was little inclined to welcome him as such.

"Are you sure this match will conduce to your happiness?" he asked her, looking anxiously into her downcast face the while.

Vivien, with a brave smile, answered very gently that she was sure it would be for the best, so Roy had to be satisfied.

"You know well I would never oppose your wishes in such a matter, still—I confess I would rather you had made a different choice.

"Trevor is very pleasant, and clever, but ——"

Roy did not continue, for it was not easy to put into words the intangible feelings of distrust with which Trevor inspired his most intimate friends—a distrust that had its origin in no one particular failing, but was more an instinct to be felt than a sentiment to be analyzed.

"I suppose," he added, after a slight agitation, "Trevor has told you few details of his first marriage?"

Vivien shook her head.

In point of fact, her lover had never even mentioned his wife's name, and she had been withheld by very natural delicacy from making any inquiries.

"Well, you know at least that he married Keith Gordon's sister—a very beautiful girl, who was deeply in love with him.

"I don't think their life together was a very happy one, for she was jealous, and he so frightfully extravagant that he soon got rid of her fortune, and then contracted debts which Keith Gordon himself ended by paying.

"Finally, Trevor and his wife went to live at the Chase, and remained there for about twelve months, at the end of which time she died, and he and Gordon have held no communication with each other since.

"I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of the rumors that accused Trevor of neglecting Mrs. Etheredge—one never knows how much or how little to believe of such reports, but there was probably some amount of foundation for them, and it is only fair to you to mention them."

"We will hope they were untrue," Vivien replied.

But her heart sank as she said it, for she knew there would be small chance of happiness for her in this loveless union.

However, there was no turning back now—she must go on as she had begun if she would save Roy, even though every word he had repeated had been the unexaggerated truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Violet's Secret.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

I DON'T believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illuminated the great bay-window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore.

From the walls frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice; "only years ago, long before my great-grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover.

"Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition."

"What are you looking for, aunt?"

"Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterwards coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet, whispered Charles Hazlewood; "by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room, and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly-lighted library.

"I wish Captain Hazlewood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides——"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I think I shall go to bed."

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night!

It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver!

At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood, as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of Time.

But then Charles Hazlewood was in love.

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearthstone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of chirp, as if their small lungs were fairy wearied out, when Aunt Rebecca, emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand.

Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and eighteen-year-old style of dress, was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing-robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two.

Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall."

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window.

"How provoking! There goes my candle out!

"But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright.

"Mercy upon us! What is that? The ghost!—the ghost!"

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clasped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained down upon her—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat!

"It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live! Oh, what shall I do!—what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of night," interrupted Colonel Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them then, with Violet and Captain Hazlewood standing by; and so—and so——"

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old."

"Only forty-nine, James!" interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazlewood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice.

According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with Eau de Cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Colonel Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure!" said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands; "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, billos! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet; "but——"

"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation," interposed Charles Hazlewood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered Colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw someone approaching with a light.

"Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca, (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the Colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady, "I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and ——"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the Colonel, archly.

"But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she wouldn't marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said, 'Yes,'—that is if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" asked the young officer, laughingly, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Colonel Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way.

"Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No, thanks now; but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that——"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health.

There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret.

Two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Alnwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

LAWYER—"You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" Witness—"Oh, nothing of consequence, a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says." Lawyer—"Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."

Scientific and Useful.

SAWDUST.—The sawdust and refuse of the sawmill is now made to yield fourteen gallons of turpentine, three to four gallons of resin and a quantity of tar per cord.

RUST.—To remove rust from tools, first scour them with emery moistened with sulphuric acid diluted with six volumes of water, rinse dry, and finish with oil and emery flour.

BLOTTING PAPER.—Blotting paper saturated with a solution of oxalic acid and dried will not only absorb the ink of a blot but will remove the blot itself if the ink is unmixed with indigo or aniline color. It might be dangerous in removing signatures from important papers, but a trace of the writing will remain, and can be made legible by adding ferrocyanide of potassium or gallic acid.

HANGING.—The London *Medical Times* believes that the sympathy expressed for criminals supposed to suffer pain on account of the continued action of the heart after the neck is broken in hanging is misplaced. It cites the recent triple execution at Prague to show that the heart may pulsate for a quarter of an hour after death which are known to be instantaneous. Many cases are recorded where the heart's action has continued a long time after complete decapitation.

BOILERS.—A fruitful source of damage done to boilers, and one which has ruined thousands, is the practice of blowing a boiler off and immediately refilling it with cold water while the brickwork is red hot. Nothing will tear a boiler to pieces quicker than this. Boilers have exploded with disastrous effect from this cause after the fire had been drawn. Probably most persons not familiar with the matter would be surprised to know the pertinacity with which cold water will cling to the lowest point of a boiler in these circumstances.

A NEW ART.—For several years past, says *Engineering*, a noted scientist has been engaged in studying the movement of colored particles within marble, ivory and other dense substances, and the result is a process of developing paintings and designs below the surface of marble, thereby combining the two arts of painting and sculpture. Through the use of metallic oxides, worked in a special medium and fixed by a special treatment, designs in every shade and tint are produced within the stone. It is a peculiarity of the method that every hue penetrates at right angles to the surface, without spreading latterly. The process will be applicable to statuary, pottery and mural tablets of all kinds, as well as architectural decoration.

Farm and Garden.

FOOD.—There are very few grains that make a perfect food ration. Corn, when is usually fed for fattening, is too starchy and too concentrated as well. If fed alone animals will not digest it perfectly. It is for this reason that a mixture with bran or oatmeal is advisable.

FLOWERS.—As a general thing flowers will droop and fade in a day and night; yet there are kinds, like the camellias and calceolarias, which can be kept longer if the water is changed morning and night, and a few drops of camphor spirits added to it. Flowers will keep longer in dishes of wet sand than in vases of water.

HINTS.—A good grass run for pigs will do more in the matter of keeping them well up in growth than anything else. In the flower garden plant some of the old favorite asters. They will give you plenty of color next fall. So will the marigold. Wire cloth answers well as a protection to corneribs against rats and mice. It can be used as a lining to the walls and floors.

TREES.—If possible, plant trees on new ground, where none have grown before. If necessary to fill up the old orchard, take special care in preparing the place in which to set the new trees. Remove the soil where the old ones stood and replace it with fresh earth. Mulch the newly-planted trees heavily and broadly with straw manure, and also apply it to the old ones remaining.

RAINS AND DEWS.—All manures deposited by nature are left on or near the surface. The whole tendency of manure is to go down into the soil rather than to rise from it. There is probably very little if any loss of nitrogen from evaporation of manure, unless it is put in piles so as to ferment. Rains and dews return to the soil as much ammonia in a year as is carried off in the atmosphere.

INDICATORS.—The following are indicators of soil: Broom sedge indicates a siliceous-alluminal soil; pig weed and dock, a good subsoil; sap weed, a potash soil; poverty grass, a wornout soil; red piney, a barren soil; wire grass, a strong soil; crab grass, a rich surface soil; sassafras and mullein show a want of calcareous elements; sumac indicates potash, while sorrel indicates a deficiency of lime.

LAYERS.—A successful florist gives the following as his method of starting slips of rare and tender plants: Underneath the usual layer of sand in which the slips are planted and covering the bottom of the pot or box be placed a layer of oats, which, when soaked with moisture, exude a mucilaginous substance, acting as a stimulant and feeder to the tender roots of the slip. By this method he seldom fails to root his slips.

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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1884.

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MORAL COURAGE.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command—high sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of the bugle's note, as with more than magic sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory or defeat; oh, how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobly, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battlefield compared with the moral courage of everyday life?

Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the situation, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of a hundred battlefields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things?

Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; nay, quickly fits him for it.

But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—to do—when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet who, looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs, what are they?

Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold, how fares it with them?

Cherished as earth's honored sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for its sake, where are they? The best and brightest, first in our thoughts and love. And yet, what did they?

Like men they spoke the truth that was in them. This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died like other men.

But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before everything else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THREE stages in the industrial interests of the country are shown in the following figures: In 1831 the value of the cotton mills in the United States was $40,000,000; in 1870 it was $141,000,000; and in 1880, $208,225,000.

—

RECENTLY two Boston brides have appropriately chosen the apple-blossom as their floral decoration. In place of the orange-blossom or the graceful white lilac. One bride carried a basket of these blossoms in her hand to the altar, and another received congratulations in a bower of the same, while her white satin gown was trimmed with them in combination with toile.

—

OLD folks become precise and methodical, because, feeling that life is drawing towards its close, they desire to make the best of the remnant that is left, and the most of everything they do. Youth thinks it has so great a future before it, and plans so many achievements for the coming "morrow," that the common duties of the day are slightly and slightingly discharged.

—

NEW YORK and Pennsylvania pay their governors the largest salaries—$10,000. Illinois and California pay $6,000; Colorado, Kentucky, Nevada and New Jersey, $5,000; Maryland, $1,500; Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas, $4,000; North Carolina, Kansas, Georgia, Iowa and Arkansas, $3,000; Connecticut, Delaware and Maine, $2,000; New Hampshire, Michigan and Vermont, $1,000.

—

A PARIS doctor has found that 20 to 25 per cent. of children hear only within a limited range. A practical result of this discovery is that children are now placed at such a distance from the teacher's desk as will correspond with their strength of hearing. The matter does not appear to have been thought of before, but its obvious importance is now likely to attract attention from our teachers.

—

PROCTOR, the astronomer, holds that if the full power of the arms and legs can be so applied to ingeniously-arranged mechanism as to work wings more or less resembling those of a bird, there is little reason of doubting man's power of sustaining himself in the air, and even traveling with great rapidity through it. Probably, he adds, it will be much easier for him to sustain himself while traveling rapidly onward than while hovering over the same spot.

—

THIS world is not made for a tomb, but for a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout; bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world, must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterdays.

—

THE annual loss by fire in the United States is about $100,000,000. It is about twice as much per inhabitant as the fire loss of Great Britain, four times as much as that of France, and six times that of Germany. At the average rate of production it would require the constant labor of about 400,000 men to replace the loss. The loss is nearly as much as the amount collected on internal revenue, and one-third more than the annual interest of the public debt. The amount of premiums collected by insurance companies is considerably less than the loss, so that some insurance companies must fail every year. It is estimated that $3 per annum is collected for every man, woman and child in the United States to pay for careless construction and negligence in guarding against the dangers of fire.

—

A MODEL of a novel canal-boat has been placed on exhibition by a Cleveland inventor. The boat is to be propelled by a screw, so geared that it can be made to turn by horses or mules traveling in a circle in their stable in the boat. The inventor claims that abundant power can be had in this matter, and that a large saving can be effected, particularly in river towing bills, and by the reduction of help; that it would be cheaper than the present method of towing, even though no better time were made; but he is confident that four or five miles an hour can be accomplished.

—

WE think that the world is full of commonplace human beings, and that genius, and power, and heroism, and romance, and beauty, are exceptional and rare, just because we know so little about the real lives and characters of our friends and neighbors. We are familiar enough with their faces, perhaps; but how much do we know of their inner strivings, their hopes and fears, their motives and principles? We may safely assert that the more thoroughly we come to understand the inner lives of our fellow-men, the less disposed we shall be to call them commonplace.

—

IF anyone is to make a wall or an ordinary railing, it matters not much if we make use of ordinary wood or common stone—any old gravestones or the like; so wicked persons who confusedly mix and blend all their designs and actions in one heap, care not what materials they put together. But the proficients in virtue, who have already laid the golden, solid foundation of a virtuous life, as of a sacred and royal building, take especial care of the whole work, examine and model every part of it according to the rule of reason, believing that it was well said by Polycletus that the hardest work remained for them to do whose nails much touch the clay—that is, to lay the top stone in the great business and masterpiece of the work. The last stroke gives beauty and perfection to the whole piece.

—

IT is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world, to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike, not to yield in immaterial trifles, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

—

A GERMAN professor has made the discovery that coins are active agents in the propagation of disease. An extended series of observations has proved that the 50-penny pieces, made of nickel, are the home and feeding-ground of a minute kind of bacteria and vegetable fungus. If one of these coins which has been long in circulation be scraped, and the thin incrustation of organic matter deposited upon its surface be subjected to lenses of very high power, the fungi and bacteria can be distinctly seen. This is, indeed, a new danger, and an addition to the already large number of agents in the spread of disease. Bacteria, it has been established, form an active part in the propagation of epidemic disease. But he affirms that all danger of infection may be averted by washing the coin in a boiling weak solution of caustic potash, which removes all the organic incrustation from the surface, and so frees it from all bacteria and fungi.

—

TO those persons who wish to grow thin and who have tried to no purpose all the known systems of living to reduce their obesity, a correspondent recommends a trial of the following, which is strongly advocated as amounting to an almost infallible cure for getting rid of superfluous fat: Only eat three times a day, never take anything to drink between meals, and only half a pint of liquid at meals. The amount of liquid taken has much more to do with the making of fat than the quantity of food consumed, although at no meal should more than a moderate amount of solid food be taken. One correspondent affirms that by following out the above regime he lost one pound a day in weight, and felt no ill effects whatever from it; and he further states that to a man of moderate appetite the amount of solid food is of no importance; it is the quantity, and not quality only, of liquids consumed that makes the difference in the amount of fat.

—

HARD-WORKED people who want a little recreation, often crowd into a picture-gallery. This is enjoyable enough, but if there is a whole half-holiday to spare, and a dime or two to spend, too, why not seek realities instead of pictures? Art on canvas is a very beautiful thing. To see, there, the flowers and the rocks, the placid face of smiling fields, and the great heaving bosom of the deep, is to get rest, and change, and enjoyment all rolled into one. But with every city in the country, now, provided with railways, the artisan would find it much healthier, and quite as enjoyable, if he varied his trips to the picture-gallery by a trip into the suburbs, or even the country. Cheap trains, too, are so universal, that, for the smallest fee, you may be put down in the very heart of nature—in the centre of some hushed and solemn wood, or by a pretty, brawling stream, singing on its way to the sea. Pictures are worthy enough objects for admiration, but the originals from which artistic skill and poetic insight, drew those perfect scenes, are surely still more attractive.

—

DR. NORMAN KERR'S recent book, "The Truth About Alcohol," is the work of a total abstainer, yet the author begins by referring to some of the popular errors of teetotalers, and advises them to lay aside some of their habitual arguments. These errors are—that the brain is hardened by alcohol, that the red blood corpuscles are changed by it, that under all circumstances all doses of it are poisonous, that all drinks containing even the smallest proportions of alcohol are evil, and that alcohol does not exist in nature. Dr. Kerr does not regard ginger beer as an intoxicant, in spite of its being fermented liquor and a "beer," but he does consider any drink containing more than 1.5 per cent. of alcohol—equal to 3 per cent. of proof spirit—intoxicating. Cider, perry, pale ale, beer and clarets are intoxicating drinks. In giving the testimony of physiology, the doctor refutes the current opinion that intoxicating beverages arrest waste and take the place of food. His computation that 40,000 persons die annually in the United Kingdom from the direct, and nearly double that number from the indirect, effects of intemperance, is believed to be correct.

—

RECENTLY an Irish member of the House of Commons complained that the public notice attached to the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey had been altered by the omission of all reference to the old legend that the coronation stone was first used in crowning the Irish kings, whereupon an explanation, written by Dean Bradley, was offered. Many years ago an inscription in Latin was attached to it, stating that the stone was the pillow on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and the legend went on to say that it was carried from Palestine to Egypt, and thence to Spain. From Spain it was said to have been conveyed to the Hill of Tara, in Ireland. In 1851, in order to meet the convenience of the visitors of the Great Exhibition, the head guide wrote on a label a notice to the effect that the stone had been used at the coronation of the ancient kings of Scotland and Ireland, but omitted all reference to the legend relating to Jacob's pillow, while retaining the closing part referring to Ireland. The label having become dusty and dirty, the guide, who has considerable antiquarian knowledge, turned it over recently, and on the back wrote simply the historical fact with regard to Scotland, and ignored the legend entirely. Dean Bradley adds that geologists have conclusively shown that the chair is of Scotch limestone, and that no stone of the kind is to be found either in Palestine or Egypt.

"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

BY FELICIA.

Who in their childhood does not raise
A fabric bright and fair?
Who has not in his early days
Built castles in the air?

Ah me, 'tis many years since I,
A joyous, careless thing,
Amid the fragrant flow'rs did lie
One balmy day in Spring.

And, as fair Fancy floated by,
Her shadowy form I caught,
And reared my rainbow structure high
Amid the realms of thought!

The presence of kind friends and dear
Each gloomy thought forbade,
While their sweet voices calm and clear
Perpetual music made.

No sorrow could o'er cloud our bower,
No grief o'ershade our days,
No storm destroy the gentle flower
Bright with the sun's warm rays.

* * * * * * * *

Ah, where are ye, my early dreams,
Too early lost and gone?
My soul is now absorbed in schemes
I almost blush to own.

My friends are but departed shades,
Some false, and others dead;
Reality stands stern and cold,
My bright ideal's fled.

Yet often from Ambition's heights
I look upon the Past,
Upon that road of cloudless light
Soon by the world o'ercast;

And, though the eye that once was bright
Has now grown dim with care,
I still look back with strange delight
On "castles in the air."

The Coquette.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

KATE LINDEN was the prettiest creature in the world.

One evening I introduced my brother to her—a young, fresh-hearted, handsome boy—and, without delay he proceeded to fall in love with her.

She danced with him twice; and gave him her fan and bouquet to hold half the evening.

Poor Albert!

How pleased he looked!

I was pleased, too.

Instead of warning him against the indulgence of dangerous dreams, I encouraged his wild fancies.

How was I to know it was a Circe's cup she held to his lips?

At the end of a week he was as far gone as it was possible for a young man to be.

She could make him blush, sigh, tremble at the sound of her voice, or the lightest wave of her hand.

At the end of two weeks he had reached the point when it is said of youngsters in love, "She can wind him round her little finger;" and at the close of the third week there must have been a scene.

Passing through the hall, I met Kate, a little flushed, and looking, I thought, a little exultant.

She nodded gaily, and ran upstairs towards her room.

Two minutes later, Albert came out of the library, with a cold, dead expression on his white face.

He passed me without seeming to see me, and left the house.

* * * * * *

Days passed, and I never saw Albert except at meal times.

But I could see how terribly changed he was.

He frequently rode over of an evening to call on my pretty friend, and I observed that it was always in returning from those visits that his eyes burned so strangely and his face was so hotly flushed.

One night he remained out very late, and I began to get alarmed.

As I had been his self-constituted guardian since we were left orphans, I remained up for him.

Hour followed hour, wearily, wearily! I tried to beguile the time with a book, but it was dreary work!

At last, about two in the morning, I heard a click of the front-door lock.

He was letting himself in with his latch-key.

I hurried down into the hall, and turned on the gas full blaze.

I had never seen him look so wildly. I sprang towards him, but he staggered away from me, and said, huskily "Go away, Lizzie; I'm not fit company for you!"

Great Heaven! he was drunk! Albert—my brother—whom I had thought an angel among men! The sight before me—Albert, my brother, flushed, staggering, inanditin, and smelling of alcohol—was so repellent that I sickened with disgust.

He observed that I recoiled from him, drunk though he was, and with an hysterical laugh he said, "Oh, yes—I'm a beast, I suppose. I feel like one! You see, I can't keep away from her, Jane, though she don't love me, and I try to hate her. So, when I leave her, I feel so miserable, I have no resource but to drown my sorrows in the 'flowing bowl!' Oh—

"The toast be dear woman!"

He made a poor attempt to carry it off boldly, and staggered past me up-stairs. I went to my own room, locked myself in, and cried for one good hour.

That very morning I spoke to him.

I entreated him to overcome his passion for Kate, if it was hopeless.

He listened to me stonily, till I ceased speaking; then answered, with a short, dry laugh, "I can never cease to love that woman—I am not one of that sort. She either makes a man of me, or ruins me utterly. I will ask her once again which she means to do."

"What does she say to you at present on the subject?"

"Simply that she can't love me. Ask no more."

He caught up his hat, and hurriedly went out.

"Simply that she can't love him!" I thought.

And yet I have seen her bend such looks upon him as bore a far different interpretation than the assurance contained in those words.

I knew her to be a coquette, and fully of conquest; but I could not believe her so heartless as to lead that boy—the brother of the friend whom she professed to love so dearly—on to worshiping her as he did, from the mere thirst for victims.

I would not believe it.

She was but trying him.

Beneath all, she loved him.

And why not?

Nothing so wonderful if she did.

He was well worthy the love of any woman, or had been when she took him in hands.

If she had made him less so, let her blame her own work, and repair the mischief she had wrought.

Thus thinking, I was well pleased when Katie arrived the next day; and after scolding me for not keeping my "solemn promise," announced that she had come to pay me a long visit.

I argued from this that she repented of her treatment of Albert, and took this means of showing it.

Poor boy!

He thought so, too.

And with good reason.

What a dance she led him!

How divinely she smiled, and how sweetly she lured him on!

Ah, she was a rare coquette was Kate Linden!

Her visit had lasted about a week.

It was evident to my watchful eyes that Albert would soon ask her what she meant to do with him.

One night they were together, walking out in the garden.

I could see her, in the white moonlight, smiling up in his face and leaning on his arm.

The window opening on the garden was raised, and I was sitting in the shadow of the curtains.

So, occasionally, as they passed and repassed, I could hear low, whispered words.

By-and-by they stopped right under the window.

I didn't move, though I knew I could hear every word that passed.

I considered that I had a right to hear.

"Kate, there must be an end to this!" I heard him say.

"An end to what?" she returned.

"Don't affect innocence, Katie. You are maddening enough now.

"Don't pretend not to understand. You know I love you!

"Are you still indifferent to me? Will you still tell me, with that divine smile—with those low, sweet tones, 'Albert, my friend, I can never, never love you?'"

"My dear boy, don't be a goose? Of course, I can never love you!"

"Good!" He laughed bitterly. "Anything for a change. I think I like your impatience better than your pitying tenderness."

He looked at her for a second or two with an expression I wouldn't like to call out on any man's face.

Then he said to himself—

"After all, it's scarcely worth while; but it is too late to think of that now. Good-night, Miss Linden."

He turned away and left her standing there, looking wondering after him.

She was puzzled.

She knew he loved her to madness.

Such dread despair—she wasn't used to that sort of thing.

People usually upbraided, tore their hair, called her coquette, and so forth.

All that she rather liked.

But this love was evidently beyond her depth.

I don't know how long she stood there, for I rose and went to my room.

When she came to say good-night, I pretended to be asleep and took no notice of her.

And yet I had loved that woman like a sister!

After a while, when I was sure she was quietly sleeping and dreaming, I went on tiptoe to Albert's room.

His door was unlocked, so I went straight to him and put my arms about his neck.

He looked at me quietly enough, but I couldn't bear to see his face—so white, so stony calm, so terribly despairing.

I hate women—I hate beauty—I hate——Oh! my brain is on fire when I think of the ruin she made of that dear simple boy.

I tried to comfort him, but my words seemed mockery.

"Dear Albert," I said, "I know it all. I was witness to the scene in the garden."

"Were you?"

Quiet, passionless tones.

"And dear, dear Albert—precious brother—I have come to try—to ask—oh! my brother, my brother, love me again, and let that heartless creature go!"

He kissed my cheek and smoothed my hair.

He said—

"Don't cry, Jane, dear. It's not worth while.

"All there is of life is nothingness to those who live long enough to find it out. You are ten years older than I, dear, but I've found it out first. Good-night, sister; go to bed."

There was that in his manner I didn't care to resist; and I felt that further words would be utterly useless.

I rose and left the room.

At the door he kissed me again; and I think a sigh fluttered up between his lips.

* * * * *

Breakfast was over, and no Albert.

I was barely civil to Katie.

She remarked on his absence, and wondered if anything was the matter, to which I made no reply.

As the morning advanced, and he was still absent, I thought I would go up to his room.

Perhaps his mood had changed, and he would be glad to see me now.

I knocked gently at his door, but got no answer.

I tried whether it was locked; it was not, and I entered noiselessly.

How quiet everything was!

How still Albert lay!

He was asleep, then; and I advanced towards the bed on tiptoe, lest I might wake him.

The worst must have past, I thought, since he now slept so soundly.

He was turned a little from me, so I bent over him, and looked down at him.

Oh, Heaven! What I saw then will never leave my eyes.

Hasten—oh, hasten in pity's name, to paint in fewest words that horror!

There he lay—white, cold, dead! a single deep gash in the side of his throat. Albert—my brother, my pet!

I knew, without an instant for reflection, that he had died so for love of the girl downstairs in the breakfast-room.

I don't know how, but there I was confronting her—glaring at her with wild, mad eyes, but speaking quiety.

"Katie, Albert's dead—murdered!"

"Murdered! Are you mad, Jane?"

"Yes; because what I tell you is true. Come and see him—he killed himself for you!"

I saw her turn pale and tremble.

There must have been something frightful in my face, for I saw in hers as much fear and dread as it was capable of expressing.

"Come and see him, Katie—come!"

"Heaven forbid! I wouldn't see him for all the world!"

Oh, how I hated her then!

I felt as if it would be a luxury to rend her all in pieces, as a just sacrifice to my misery.

I caught her by the arm—my grasp must have been like steel—and drew her along towards the front door.

I pushed her out, and locked and bolted the door.

Another moment, and I was up in her room, hustling down out of the window everything that was hers.

I didn't look out.

I never saw her since.

"Albert?—my own Albert!"

The shriek that bore those frenzied words from my lips brought all the servants, to find me thrown across the dead body of my brother, wildly kissing his pallid brow and cheeks, shuddering and shrieking with horror when I looked on that fearful wound.

It was for causing that scene—that misery, that crime—that my love and admiration for Katie Linden changed to hate and loathing.

The Bitter Lesson.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"TAKE my advice, now, and don't have nothin' to do with 'em. They're stuck-up lady folks. What do they want 'o you at the grand ball they be goin' to give?"

Amy Lewis parted her red lips and puckered up her forehead into the most savage form she could conjecture; then bit off a new thread of cotton, and sewed faster than ever, while the flush deepened in her cheeks, and her grandmother talked more vehemently in proportion to Amy's silence.

"You can't afford it, in the first place, child. You ain't got clothes fit to wear to such a place——"

"I have enough money to buy a dress, grandma—a white tarlatan, ruffled to the waist in the back, and an apron in front. I have two pounds of my own."

Amy's face was very pretty as she lifted it to her grandmother's.

A round, happy face that the sun had kissed to an ardent blushing brown, that matched the tint of her eyes, and wood-brown hair.

A very girlish, innocent face, that Mr. Neal Conway had discovered in this out-of-the-way farmhouse, on one of his rambles one day, when he and the party from Squire Cline's were out picnicing.

"But you can't afford to spend your money on no such nonsense, Amy, child. Here's winter comin' and you'll be wantin' flannels, and like enough a new bonnet and a pair of stout shoes, and you know I aint got nothin' to give you, dear. What with the short crops, and the old man a-laying helpless, and——"

Amy interrupted the garrulous kindness.

"I know that, granny, and I don't expect anything except what I earn.

"I am doing very well this summer with my dressmaking, since the ladies came to Squire Cline's, and—I am going to the party next Tuesday."

She nodded her pretty head decidedly as she uttered the words.

The old lady laughed.

"Well, have your own way; only I don't see how you can think such great folks as them up at Squire Cline's can want you to their party, when they engage you to make their fancy clothes."

"I am as good as they are," Amy flared up, hotly. "There isn't one of them that has a better figure or a prettier face than I have—Mr. Conway says so, now."

"Child! child! has it got to that already with you and that city fellow, that he tells you of your face being pretty? Amy, I'm afraid there's trouble brewing."

Her old eyes filled with tears, that dropped one by one over the wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, dear; can't I ever have a moment's enjoyment unless you begrudge it? And as to Mr. Conway, he's a perfect gentleman, I can tell you."

Amy's voice rose in petulant anger, and the light in her eyes glowed redly, and the fires on her cheeks burned in hot sympathy.

"You don't know the way of the world, child, or you'd see what I see, and what Miles White sees, that it was a sorry day when young Mr. Conway came a-hunting for fresh milk for the picnicing ladies over in the woods; with his shining shirt studs, and his sleeve buttons as big as silver shillings.

"I tell ye I didn't like him from the minnit I see him raising his hat to you, like as if you was a queen, and swinging his cane so free and familiar like. He's no lover for you, Amy Lewis."

"Who said he was my lover?" the girl retorted, angrily. "And do you think I care what Miles White says or thinks?—a gawky country clodhopper."

And old Mrs. Lewis rose and started for the kitchen, passing by Amy's chair on the way.

"You'd better give it up, dear. It ain't a regular invite anyhow, you know; none of them big pinkish printed letters they've sent to the rest of the folks.

"Miss Leah Cline only asked you joking like, if you would like to come up. Don't go, dear."

The earnest, tremulous tones smote ears that were sealed to the loving entreaty.

Amy shook her head defiantly.

"I said I was going, and I shall go to the town and buy my tarletane to-night. If Miss Leah hadn't wanted me, she shouldn't have asked me."

Then she added in a slightly lower tone, with a certain caressing tenderness in her voice—

"Anyhow, Mr. Conway will be delighted. He says I look like an angel in white."

Then, with a delicious sparkle of anticipation in her pretty brown eyes, this foolish little village beauty sat and sewed, and dreamed sweetest dreams of Neal Conway's admiring eyes, of the pressure of his aristocratic hand when he took her own of the low-spoken compliments on her personal appearance.

Sat and sewed and hummed a low, soft love song, and dreamed—as women will.

* * * * * *

The little glass that hung between the standards on the cherrywood bureau in Amy Lewis's attic bedroom, returned a very pretty reflection to Amy's eager brown eyes as she noted every detail of her toilet, prepared by her own hands for the grandest event of her quiet life—the grand party at the Cline mansion.

She certainly was very fair to see.

Her dress fitted her to perfection, only, it seemed to her, her hands never seemed so brown as in contrast to the imitation Valenciennes ruffles at her wrists; and it had not occurred to her, until this moment, that the tips of her shoes looked oddly as they peeped out, like black mice, under the snow-white skirts.

But Amy was too light-hearted to worry over such trifles.

Her shiny brown hair, that looked a little stiff and unnatural, arranged as Miss Cline wore hers, and very unlike Amy's own simple, becoming style of coiffure, her vivid, pearly cheeks, her brilliant, excitedly-glowing eyes, they were all right, anyhow. Just as Mr. Conway had said, the last time she saw him, a week before, when he had looked in her eyes very strangely, and patted her hand that he kept in his all the while they stood talking in the shade of the elm tree.

She had not hinted a word of her determination to attend the party—she wanted to give him such a surprise; she wanted to see him bow and greet her so warmly before them all—just as he did whenever they met, so often, so accidentally.

She had dreamed so delightfully of this—night and day for so many days; and here—it was at hand.

She couldn't take any tea that night, and by eight o'clock was dressed, with her skirt tucked up under her waterproof, and on her way to the scene of pleasure.

Long before she arrived at the house she saw the gleaming lights through the windows, and the coloured lanterns hung throughout the grounds.

Nearer, she heard the preliminary tuning of the band, and saw forms passing and repassing the windows in the upper story of the mansion.

At the front entrance, a servant in livery stared at her, then showed her upstairs into a large room, where, as yet, no guest had arrived.

She removed her cloak, adjusted her hair, and then, wondering how early she was, sat down and waited.

It seemed hours before a group of ladies came in, dressed in such elegance of attire

that Amy fairly blushed for her own simple toilette.

They raised their eyebrows in well-bred surprise, then ignored her presence entirely, while, as their number was augmented from time to time, they laughed and chatted and twitted each other.

"Don't tell me that you have worn that amethyst silk for nothing, Belle Maury! Don't I know what somebody thinks on that subject?"

Amy wondered who "Belle Maury" was, of all these pretty girls.

"Don't tease her, Fan; if she wears amethyst silk to please Mr. Conway, she only shows her devotion to her lover—who, by the bye, likes yourself in that very shade of turquoise.

"Isn't it singular you happened to remember it?

"Won't Mr. Neal Conway feel delighted when he sees two fair ones arrayed in his favorite colors?"

A general burst of mirth followed, and no one saw the sudden paling of the little country girl's cheeks as she listened, half-bewilderedly, wondering what they meant, and yet, in her loyal, foolish little heart, clinging to the sweet remembrances he made for her.

Shortly after that, the girls went down, and when no one else remained, Amy stole quietly down behind two elderly ladies who had come latest.

Her head whirled, her hands felt big, and cold and awkward, and so awfully brown as she went across the hall where several gentlemen put up their eyeglasses and stared rudely.

Once in the crowded rooms, she sank into the first vacant chair, wondering where Mr. Conway was, and feeling so sure the moment he saw her he would come to her at once.

Until then, she did not expect to enjoy herself, and was patiently content to wait.

She watched queenly Belle Maury in her amethyst silk with its elaborate court train, with her coils of hair caught with a golden spear, her dainty pink kid gloves; she saw "Fan" in her light blue satin dress, with a filmy white lace overskirt, and a sash a half yard wide, fringed with heavy silver; and then she half wished she had remembered the white slippers and gloves.

Only she knew Mr. Conway would not care—he had told her he so admired nature unadorned, and assured her, in his low, thrilling tones, that it was so refreshing to find a woman untrammelled by fashion's ridiculous harness—Mr. Conway—nay, Neal her heart called him, would be so surprised and delighted.

So she watched them dance, her own feet tingling to the sweet soaring music.

She almost forgot her brown hands, her uncomfortable coiffure, her black leather shoes—until—her rude awakening came, by the voices just outside the window near where she sat, entirely screened.

"Have you seen her? She created quite a sensation, I tell you among the servants. Rather pretty though after all."

"I don't admire the rural style of architecture myself—wonder what Conway will say when he sees her!"

Amy felt her ears burn hotly.

Did they mean her, did they?

Then Neal's own voice sent the blood leaping along every vein.

"What's that you evidently expect Conway to say?

"That Miss Maury is the belle of the evening, or that Fan Kershaw has settled poor Mordaunt for ever?"

His magnetic, well-intended voice was so sweet to the girl as she listened, perforce.

"Neither Miss Maury or Miss Kershaw happen to be under discussion.

"Your delightful little country flame is here, in all her glory. Haven't you seen her?"

"The d—nce she is! what evil genius can have possessed her, the ignorant little fool!"

Amy suddenly shivered like a lily struck by a keen blast.

"Come, now, Con, that's rough on the little girl, after you've been flirting all the summer with her.

"Go in and find her. I've a fancy I'd like to see those eyes of hers light up."

"Do you take me for an idiot? I'd sooner face a cannon's mouth than escort Amy Lewis through that room.

"If women will be fools, and believe every word that a man says—why, let 'em. Come on, fellows, there's a German forming, and I'm promised to 'la belle Belle.'"

* * * * * * * *

Poor little Amy! it was her first contact with the rough side of the world, and the experience was terrible at first.

She tottered up from her chair—hair, hands, feet forgotten now in the one agonizing desire to get out of the house where she had received her blow; to fly home to the peaceful, restful shelter of the home-nest, where, on her bed, in the little room under the eaves, with the innocent stars strengthening and pitying her, she could beg help from a higher source to conquer the anguish of her bitter lesson.

Ten Years Later.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was Judge Lothrop's house; and I was his nephew, sent to Weston to prepare for college under my uncle's eye.

An inflexible guardian he was, too, severe upon failures, and sparing of commendation, yet, withal, a genial, hearty old gentleman, young at sixty years.

His two daughters, my cousins Evelyn and Jessie, aged respectively twenty and eighteen, were young ladies, in whose eyes I was of course a nonentity, being a schoolboy and sixteen.

My uncle's house was very gay. Both my cousins were belles in the society of Weston, and the judge himself was a popular man.

In the early summer, when I first was there, boating and riding parties and evening entertainments succeeded one another rapidly.

There were always relations or friends staying at the house, to fill up the long dining table, and make the rooms populous and pleasant.

My cousin Evelyn was always the center of attraction.

How beautiful she was with the long, green plumes sweeping back over her dark, braided hair, with the flush on her cheek and the sparkle in her eye; and how I used to wish—

Well, it is of no use telling what I wished, or enumerating the dreams I dreamed over my Greek Lexicon about being great and famous, and making the world—represented by my cousin Evelyn—envy and admire me.

It is of no use remembering how many faded flowers and worn-out gloves I kept because she had worn them; for counting the nights I lurked behind the syringas, under the open parlor windows, so close to her that I might have touched the soft folds of her dress, listening to the light laughter and gracious talk she gave to this one or that one, never dreaming of the boy near her, hungry for just one word or smile.

I used to go into the city, and, having purchased the rarest bouquets I could find, have them sent her, carefully preserving the boucquito; and she would receive them carelessly and unquestioningly, for she had lovers by the dozen, who were always sending her flowers, so I could exult in seeing my roses, my heliotrope, and orange blossoms placed in her hair and on her breast.

I seldom—almost never—met her alone. Once she surprised me reading in the arbor, and asked some careless questions.

I think she noticed the flush on my cheek and the trouble in my voice, as I answered, for she looked at me a moment in a curious, attentive way, then turned back, humming some light air.

Six weeks had not made her power over me less strong.

The reason why I was in the garden that Sunday afternoon was because she was in her chamber writing letters, and every time the pink curtain swayed a bit I could catch a glimpse of her dress.

I had not caught many glimpses, however, before the roll of wheels announced the return of the church-goers.

A party of three gentlemen and two ladies were visiting at the house, and as I did not care to be seen in the garden, I threw my cigar away, and strolled into the study to find a book, in which I became so absorbed that I was late at supper; indeed, I would have stayed away altogether, for I detested tea-parties, if my uncle had not sent for me.

My cousin Evelyn could always play the hostess to perfection, and that night she was more than usually beautiful in her simple white dress, with her hair fastened in a heavy coil.

Jessie Lothrop and a certain Mr. Tracy, who were having a flirtation, were next me, and quite a buzz of merry conversation was carried on.

"By the way," said the judge, during a lull in the conversation, "I heard you all want to ride to Lookout Ridge after supper.

"That the prettiest bit of high land in Weston."

Quite a clamor of voices greeted his remark.

"But we shan't have enough cavaliers?" cried Jessie.

"Here Mr. Tracy and I are going together, and I see by Evelyn's and Mr. Walter's face that they'll be partners; and Mr. Douglas will take Miss Vincent, and that leaves Miss Douglas solus.

"Papa, you'll have to go yourself, or we shall have to beg Alfred, and I know he don't want to go."

Angry at Jessie's frankness, and far from desiring to ride with Miss Douglas, I preserved an indignant silence, wholly disregarding politeness.

"Nonsense!" said my uncle, "it'll do the lad good; and I never knew a boy who didn't enjoy horseback exercise."

"Well, will you go?" queried Jessie.

"Yes."

"Then the thing's arranged. We're going to be en route at half-past five precisely, gentlemen.

"I give you fifteen minutes to prepare ladies. We meet again a cheval."

So the supper party was broken up.

I stood patting my horse, a coal black Arabian, the pet and pride of my boyish days, whom they had arranged Miss Vincent should ride, and reflecting ruefully on the necessity of riding the judge's hack, Beverly, when the ladies came down, and Evelyn led Miss Vincent up to inspect her sorrel horse.

"He is a gentle as a child," she said stroking him fondly.

"You need not be in the least afraid."

But Miss Vincent demurred, with her eyes on me.

"Is this Firefly?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, adding, "I'm waiting to know who will ride him.

"I meant to ride Beverly myself."

"Oh, then, I am delighted! But is he safe?"

"He was never ridden by a lady," I answered, concealing some wicked satisfaction.

The ladies retreated a bit, Jessie with a reproachful "Why didn't you tell us?" And Evelyn laughed.

"Will you ride him?" I asked, turning around to her suddenly.

"I don't know whether it will be polite," she said, with a smile, patting his nose with her daintily gloved hand. "He's a splendid fellow."

"And safe, too, I give you my word," I said, eagerly, in a lower voice.

She gave me an amused look.

"So you wanted to deceive the ladies. Well, I think I'll risk him."

And getting her foot on the curb-stone, she sprang lightly into the saddle, just as Mr. Walters rode up to the gate.

She was a graceful rider. I thought so as I watched her easy carriage, and pounded along on Beverly in the rear.

Miss Douglas was mightly afraid of Veteran, a horse never known to be moved by lightning or fire-crackers, and I uncharitably wished her a thousand miles away.

Well, after a mile or two of easy trotting and half a mile of steep and difficult ascent—after much talking and rhapsodizing, and many useless exclamations, we came out on Lookout Ridge and saw a wonderful sunset.

We looked over the town of Weston and its neighbor town, with their encompassing hills and woods, and saw them all bathed in color; and off beyond the farthest and faintest purple hill burned a bright center that was crossed by bars of crimson.

Everybody was loud in praising the scene; but Evelyn looked at it in a dreamy unconscious way, and listened in the same manner to some sweet nothing Mr. Walters was saying to her.

Different members of the party said a great many "nothings" that night.

We scattered, and promenaded, and explored.

I followed Miss Douglas about obediently, and was happy when after an hour's stay, Jessie declared we must set our faces homeward.

"Jessie, you can go home if you like," said Evelyn.

"I propose we all go over to yonder ledge, and get a better view."

To this there was an unanimous voice of dissent.

Even the faint-hearted coxcomb who acted as her escort had not sufficient courage to ride that dangerous road after nightfall.

They all used their best efforts to dissuade her, but my plucky little cousin had her heart set on the project.

"Miss Evelyn," I said, desperately, "if you will allow me, I will show you the way."

She assented, and Miss Jessie led her party off with an "I won't answer for the consequences" air.

I remarked with secret satisfaction, the disdainful look Evelyn cast on Mr. Walters, her cavalier, as we rode away.

"Let me go in advance, please," she said, after we had ridden a short distance. "Your little Firefly doesn't like to be checked, does he?"

So she rode on in advance, and presently seemed to forget my very existence in a prolonged fit of musing.

I followed, keeping close watch upon her, and not a little anxious for her safety, when Firefly gave one wild spring sideways, then dashed down the road like an arrow.

Someone had tied a crimson scarf, probably dropped by some lady, on the branch of a great oak, overhanging the road.

The dangling bright ends scared the horse.

The left-hand road! Great Heavens!

It led out on a sheer precipice, fifty feet high!

But there was a chance, for the road was a winding one.

If I could get over that ridge of rock before Firefly rounded the corner! I was off Beverly in an instant, climbing—throwing myself from point to point, with utter carelessness of life and limb.

Just in time! It seemed an hour before I knew it.

Just in time to catch the loose rein hanging from Firefly's neck as he rushed by, and pull him back almost upon his haunches, with strength that seemed a giant's!

Then I had no power even to retreat from the edge of the precipice.

My cousin was half fainting. I lifted her from the horse, and sank on a stone beside her, trembling from head to foot.

We sat in silence a long time. I chafed Evelyn's cold hand in my own gently, and supported her head on my knee.

I am ashamed to say, after the first terror was over, I was glad of any chance that had given me the privilege of touching her hands—of being so near her.

But presently she drew herself away, sat up, and, catching sight of Firefly's foamel-flecked mouth, covered her face, with a shudder.

"You saved my life," she said, more solemnly, I think, than she had ever spoken before.

"An instant more and I might have gone over there."

"And if you had," I said, speaking without extravagance, and with all the earnestness induced by the near approach of death, "I would have thrown myself over."

"Why?" she asked simply and soberly. And I cried out impulsively:

"Because I would not live in the world without you!" then I put up my hand to hide two or three weak tears that I could not repress.

When I put it down, I looked up, and, meeting the steady, inquiring gaze of Evelyn's dark eyes, flushed painfully all over my face.

She said, "Why, Alfred!" in her soft, surprised tones; then as she saw the tears, laid her little hand on mine, and added, lower, "Poor boy!"

I shook the hand off almost fiercely.

"Don't call me that. I don't want your pity. I am not a child to be consoled by a sugar-plum!"

A little flush stained her cheek, and she drew herself up proudly; but I think she liked me none the less for my bluntness.

"When a man loves a woman," I said, passionately, "he wants her to be his entirely. He wants to be all to her or nothing; and I want just that!"

"But, Alfred," she said, in disturbed tones, avoiding my gaze, "this is folly! And it is no time to talk of this, when we have both of us just escaped death. I cannot be ungracious to you when you have saved my life."

"You owe me no thanks," I said, bitterly.

"I shall owe you life-long gratitude; but we must not talk of love.

"You are young and impulsive. Remember you have not yet marked out your course in life.

"You will probably love many times, as deeply as you think you do now. And I—"

"You will forget my very existence in a month."

"I never had a brother, Alfred. You shall be like one to me."

"I will never be that! You are unkind, unjust. You do not know me. You never loved yourself—"

I stopped, surprised, for the color surged over her neck and brow hotly.

"I am tired," she said, almost peevishly. "Let us go home. We shall loose our way in the dark."

"Why, you are trembling yet, so you could not hold even Beverly! I am not afraid of losing the way.

"Evelyn, I will not go till you tell me you may sometime care for me a little! I tell you I cannot live and be so miserable! I know I am poor and young—"

"I do not dread poverty," she said. "Let me tell you, now, what I have never told any one as yet.

"I am to be married, sometime, to—to your brother—Carl—when he comes back from Florence, and has made himself famous, as I know he will; so you must be contented to be my brother, after all, Alfred."

Ah! only those whose earliest hope and love have been blighted as mine were can tell what I felt!

No need of storming and raving! I just threw myself, face downward, on the grass in helpless despair.

She waited for me, in silence, I scarcely know how long.

I was unconscious of any thing save my own sorrow and anger.

Yes, anger, for I could have borne any thing better than to have had her marry my own brother. At length, Evelyn said, hesitatingly:

"Where did you leave Beverly?"

"In the woods," I replied moodily.

"I wish you would find him. The fright has made me feel ill."

I started up hastily, execrating my own carelessness, and ran past her up the road. In a moment I was back with Beverly.

"We will go down by a shorter way," I said remorsefully, as I busied myself with the saddles, "and I will ride Firefly. Forgive my selfishness, Evelyn."

"We will have the seal of forgiveness," she said, half merrily, leaning toward me from Beverly's back. "Kiss me Alfred!"

One moment, leaning toward each other in the dusk, lips met, and hands clasped.

One happy moment, all the sweeter because it could never come again; then I turned away and mounted Firefly, and we began to wend our way downward through the shadows.

Only once on the way did I ask a question:

"Where did you meet Carl?"

"In Rome, two years ago. He will be home in another year."

Ten years later, when I was a young lawyer practicing in a Southern city, I visited New York, where Carl was earning much fame as a painter; and there I saw again his wife, my cousin Evelyn.

Beautiful as ever—and evidently happy. We met cordially like old friends, though we could not but recall our last meeting with some little embarrassment, for I had left Weston the next morning after our adventure on the ridge.

But, one day, when we were alone, Evelyn took me into Carl's little studio, and showed me a painting of the cliffs on Lookout Hill.

Firefly, with her helpless figure half hanging from his back, was rushing along a woodland road.

I was throwing myself over some obstruction, and just in the act of seizing the rein.

"I told Carl you saved my life," she said, "and he painted this picture for me, in his usual inspired fashion.

"And I want you to own it, Alfred, as a little 'thank you' for the peril you dared for me."

"And a little souvenir," I said, smiling, yet with tears in my eyes, "of a boy's first love."

"WHAT shall we name baby, sister?" asked a mother of her little four-year-old daughter. "Call her Early, mamma, that's a pretty name." "Early! that's not a little girl's name." "Oh, yes, it is. Don't you remember you read to me about the little girl who was to be the May Queen, and who wanted her mother to call her Early?"

The Luckiest Day.

BY HARDLEY RICHARDS.

THE luckiest day of my life was the day the day that I was turned out of doors, and the best friend I ever had was the woman who caused me to be homeless and penniless.

I was twenty-two years old, and about as useless a human being as you would find.

When I was a mere baby, my mother died.

She was an only child, though my father had a goodly supply of brothers and sisters.

But he died, too, and my Grandfather Arnold, my mother's father, took me home.

He was rich, and he intended I should be a fitting heir for all his possessions.

So I had a nurse and governess till I was six years old, and my clothes were the most expensive to be obtained.

I had a suit of rooms, in my grandfather's great house, and if I cried, the whole household was summoned to comfort me.

At six years old, my governess was changed for a private tutor, and my primer for more advanced studies.

I had a pony, and a gold watch, before I was ten, and I spent foolishly more money than would have supported a family.

I was sent to college, graduated, and came home to study law.

This brings me to my twenty-first year.

The way I studied law, was to lounge into the office, languidly open a book, read a page or two, and then stroll out.

I drove a pair of fancy horses and a most superb open carriage.

I attended all sorts of parties.

In short, I was a most unmitigated puppy, heir-apparent, the darling of fashionable mammas, and the idol of empty-headed girls, who flattered my silly self till I thought I was irresistible.

Of course I fell in love.

The object of my adoration was Miss Bella Wise, daughter of a widowed mother, who was fashionable and frivolous, but poor, and keeping her eyes ever open to the prospect of a good match for Bella.

After our engagement was a few weeks old, Bella suddenly became enthusiastically fond of my grandfather.

He was then past eighty, and Bella had a positive genius for timing her visits to occur during my absence, and I would return to find her reading to him, or playing chess with him.

I thought she was more than kind to show so much devotion to the poor old man.

For he was a dear old man, gentle as a child, and only too indulgent to all who came near him.

I was an entire year engaged to Bella, and I [illegible] to postpone [illegible].

I [illegible] or another she put off the happy day, but never relaxed in her devotion to my dear grandfather.

It makes me laugh now to think how easily I was duped.

For one day, coming in from a drive, I found my dear Bella seated close beside my grandfather's chair, her head upon his shoulder, his arms around her, and Mrs. Wise sobbing faintly in another part of the room.

I stood amazed, unable to [illegible] for [illegible].

"Oh, Mr. [illegible]."

And Mrs. Wise, [illegible] broken by [illegible] her [illegible] to perform my promises to her, had sung [illegible] short in my dear grandfather's devoted love, and one hour ago, had taken upon herself the dignities of my grandmother by marrying my grandfather.

It was not soothing to my vanity to have my place taken by a man of eighty, however lovable he might be.

I was not exactly so respectful to my new grandmother as her honors demanded; and the old gentleman, who was meekness itself, as a rule, ordered me to leave the house, and never enter it again until I was prepared to beg Mrs. Arnold's pardon for my insulting language. Out I stalked.

For a time I lived comfortably, rather enjoying the turning of my wrath.

In this time, however, I did try faithfully to obtain employment.

But I found my college education would not earn my bread, and of any useful knowledge I was as ignorant as a six-months baby.

In three months I was at the end of my resources, and yet I was not prepared to humble myself to my grandfather's wife.

But I wrote to him three times, and my letters were returned by Mrs. Wise, I learned long, long afterwards.

My life was not exactly a bed of roses after that for many long years, but my poor grandfather might have envied me, with two utterly heartless women controlling him.

I moved from one house to another, always in the descending scale, till I found myself the occupant of a miserable attic.

Then I did what my pride had prevented before.

I went to my father's brother, a large wholesale grocer.

He was in his counting-house when I entered, a very beggar in appearance.

"Arnold Kingler," he said holding out his hands.

"Will you [illegible] such a prodigal [illegible] laugh, and [illegible].

"Make [illegible] he said, heartily, "that I will.

"And now tell me why you did not come to me before."

"I know all about it. Don't worry [illegible] I [illegible] work for [illegible]."

"I [illegible] if you will let me work for whatever I am worth. It will not be much at first, but I will try to [illegible]."

"Are you in earnest?" my uncle asked. "It would be an injustice to the really hard-working clerks I employ to give you a sinecure position here. I had rather help you [illegible] other way."

"I am in earnest," I replied; "I will work faithfully, and I want to learn something that will give me some useful position in life. I have been a drone in the busy hive too long."

"Come, then, to-morrow. In the meantime take this as a gift."

And he pressed a bank note into my hand.

I thanked him gratefully, and left him to buy myself a good meal, and a suit of clothes.

And the next morning I entered upon my new duties.

It was the turning point of my life, and my uncle knew it.

Long years ago he went to his last rest, and there was no more sincere mourner followed his body to the grave than the man he made—for he made a man of me.

He was kind, but never allowed me to shirk my duties.

He taught me to value self-reliance, industry, and perseverance far more highly than I had valued my former position as a mere hanger-on to a rich man.

But although my uncle was very kind, I soon had a far greater stimulus than his most encouraging words.

He was childless, but years before had adopted an orphan niece of his wife's, a lovely girl, just eighteen at the time of my grandfather's marriage.

She had always been a favorite of mine, though I had looked upon her as a mere child, until my misfortunes developed the purely womanly traits of comforter and [illegible].

Compared to Bella, she was like a sweet wood-violet beside a gorgeous exotic.

My evenings came to be my happiest hours, as I turned from my house to visit my uncle and Agnes May.

And I was always welcome.

A true home circle was a new experience in my life, and I never wearied of watching Agnes, busy with some pretty feminine work, or flashing to and fro over the piano keys.

Before I had been a year in my uncle's employ I was sure of two things, that I had never before had any true manly impulses, and that I had never loved the woman who deserted me to win my grandfather's gold.

Never!

When I did love, when the pure, sweet loveliness of Agnes May filled my own heart, I blessed the day that severed the tie that would have made me the life companion of any utterly heartless, selfish woman, a mere butterfly of fashion.

Even when I knew that I did love Agnes, I did not dare to speak my love, because it seemed like a base return of my uncle's kindness.

But every time I saw Agnes, I knew more certainly that her love, and that alone, would ever make me truly happy.

Well, love has an unspoken language, and Agnes knew mine for her as well as if I had told her of every heart throb, and my uncle guessed my secret too.

One day he told me so, and gave his hearty consent to our wooing.

So, with a more stipend of my own, I dared once more to breathe a love tale, and won my [illegible].

We were married two years after the day I entered into my uncle's employ.

And we were very happy.

More and more did I become convinced that Miss Bella Wise bestowed a blessing upon me when she became my grandmother, and that the day I was thrust out of my home was the most fortunate day of my life.

I was learning the deeper lessons of life in a school far more ennobling than the one in which I had been educated from a child.

I was learning the sweetness of protecting those I loved, of working for my home, my wife, and, as the years rolled on, my [illegible].

My wife's diamonds were her happy smiles; her costly attire, the dainty neatness of every garment.

Her pride was not in the goods to be purchased at the milliner's and jeweler's, but in the beauty of her baby girl, the robust health of her boy.

I had been married seven years when Mrs. Arnold was thrown from her carriage and [illegible].

The next day came a piteous note from my grandfather to me.

I obeyed its summons at once, and went to him, finding a very broken, feeble old man, in deadly terror of his mother-in-law, a tyrant in every sense of the word.

There were some disgraceful scenes before she consented to be pensioned and left the house, having encouraged her daughter in a series of actual cruelties to the doting old man who had given her her heart's desire—wealth!

But when Agnes came, and the three children, my grandfather actually seemed to grow young again, and lived to be ninety-eight years old.

When he died, I inherited his wealth, but I had learned its value.

Had it come to me in those days when I was courting Bella Wise, it would have been wasted in the most selfish extravagance, have done no good to any human being, have paved the way from self-indulgence to vice.

ABOUT TREES.

IN many of the old pictures of the Holy Family known as the Rejoss, the sycamore tree was seen as one of the accessories.

During the early days of the Christian Church the sycamore tree was regarded with pious respect.

The legend concerning it runs as follows:

When Mary with the Divine Baby and St. Joseph had reached the land where they were to sojourn until the death of Herod, wearied with the long journey, they rested on the outskirts of the village, not far from Heliopolis.

There was a grove of sycamore trees, which gave weary travelers grateful shade, and a fountain sprang up near by where the mother and her child drank and were refreshed.

Even the Arabs preserved a tradition of this fountain, for they longed called it Mary's fountain.

The Crusaders in their veneration for the tree that had sheltered the Virgin Mother carried young trees home with them when they returned from the Holy Land, which took kindly to the new soil, and soon became one of the common trees of Europe. It is said that the poor unfortunate Queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, had the first sycamore tree that was imported to Scotland.

Another tree still more frequently seen in picture of "The Flight Into Egypt" is the palm or date-tree.

In the journey of the Holy Family to the land of the Pharaohs they often met with this tree.

At first its branches turned toward the sky, but at the command of the Saviour the branches stooped over to protect and refresh His mother. It has never since resumed its first shape.

There is also a legend concerning this tree to be met with among the Mohammedans.

The good Moslem was taught to honor the palm, for, says the prophet, "it is your paternal aunt, created of the earth out of which Adam was formed.

It is said God has given this tree as a peculiar favor to the Moslem; that he hath decreed all the date palms in the world to [illegible] they have accordingly conquered every country in which these trees are found.

The palm tree has several known properties which render it an emblem of a human being, among which are these: That if the head be cut off the tree dies, and if a branch be cut off another does not grow in its place.

The weeping willow will go murmuring all its days, hanging its branches in shame, says the old legend, because from that tree the rods were taken which cruelly scourged the Blessed Saviour.

The hazel tree had a more beneficent mission.

Once when the Mother of Christ was crossing a mountain a fearful storm of thunder and lightning came up, and she sought shelter under a hazel tree and was [illegible].

In return for its hospitality she gave this tree the power to protect travelers from lightning, so that one need not be afraid while sheltered beneath its branches during storms. Magic wands are made from its branches.

The holly tree is called Christ's Thorn in many parts of Germany, because its berries ripen about the time that the birth of Christ is celebrated, and because the [illegible] leaves and berries are so much used in decorating [illegible] the tree is [illegible] the burning bush in which the Almighty revealed His power to Moses—the bush which burned, and by a miracle it was not consumed. The legend also represents it as the tree on which the cross was made on which the Saviour was crucified. The scientific name is significant of its connection with the saddest tragedy of earth, the crucifixion of one who came with blessing only—the [illegible].

THE stage boards looks to a Montana critic as much like a board that grew there as a cow's tail would if tied to the bronze dog on the front porch. When you tie a heavy black beard on a young actor whose whole soul would be churned up if he smoked a full-fledged cigar, he looks about as savage as a bowl of mush and milk struck with a club.

Arresting the Progress of Consumption.

In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Efforts [illegible] to reach this through out-door exercise, and by various other means for increasing the general health which are known to invalids and physicians. Now, in the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, has been discovered an agent that gives directly this higher vitality, which generally becomes apparent at the very outset of its use. This is manifest in an almost immediate increase of appetite, and in a sense of life and bodily comfort. If the Treatment is continued, a steady improvement nearly always follows; and where the disease has not become too deep-seated, a cure may be confidently looked for. If you would have satisfactory evidence of this, send to Drs. Starkey & Palen for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself, and they will be promptly furnished.

HER SECRET TROUBLES.

The Unknown Trials Which a Woman Endured Without Complaint—Why They Were Borne.

Near the close of one of the most trying of the few hot days of the present year a pale, care-worn woman might have been seen at the window of her dwelling apparently in a condition of complete exhaustion. Her efforts to meet the accumulated duties of her household had been great but unsuccessful, while the care of a sick child, whose wants could even then be heard, was added to her otherwise overwhelming troubles. Nature had done much for her and in her youthful days she had been not only beautiful but the possessor of health such as is seldom seen.

But home and family duties and the depressing cares which too often accompany them had proven greater than her splendid strength and she felt at that moment not only that life was a burden but that death would be a grand relief. This is no unusual experience. It is, in fact, a most common everyday occurrence, and a great prayer is constantly ascending from thousands of homes for deliverance from the deadly power which is enslaving so many wives mothers and daughters. And yet these duties of life must be [illegible]. No woman can afford to turn aside [illegible] overcame such trials and [illegible] health and all the blessings it brings is thus told by Rev. William Watson, Presiding Elder of the Methodist [illegible], residing at Waterford, N. Y. He said:

"My wife became completely [illegible] through over work and care of a sick member of our household and I entertained [illegible] apprehensions as to her future. She was languid, pale, utterly exhausted, without appetite, and in a complete state of [illegible]. [illegible] about the house, trying courageously to care for the ones she loved, when I could tell, from the lines upon her face how much she was suffering. At times she would rally for a day or two and then fall back into the state of nervous exhaustion she felt before. Her head pained her frequently [illegible] bowed by [illegible] pained. What to do I [illegible] I [illegible] completely recovered [illegible] the greatest tonic, invigorator and stomach remedy that has ever been discovered. I was led to use it the more readily as I had tested the health-restoring properties of Warner's Safe Cure in my own person and I therefore knew that any remedy Mr. Warner might produce would be a valuable one. I have since recommended both Warner's Tippecanoe and Warner's Safe Cure to many of my friends and I know several Doctors of divinity as well as numerous laymen who are using both with great benefit."

If all the overworked and duty driven women of America could know of the experience above described, and act upon the same, there can be little doubt that much of the pain, and most of the depressing influences of life might be avoided. Such truths are too valuable to remain unknown.

THE LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS. There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change [illegible].

[illegible] in the street means that [illegible] lady's eye is going to be put out; to shut it in the hall or two is to be knocked out. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain signifies courtship.

When [illegible] the umbrella and the [illegible] the drippings it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I despise you." To swing your umbrella over your [illegible] of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is threatening for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Extravagance is no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means, "I am [illegible] bought." To lose [illegible] "I am a fool."

[illegible] signifies lying.

To give a friend half of an umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it [illegible] in the morning means "it will clear off."

Five hundred artists now have studios in New York City.

Our Young Folks.

DEWDROP, BEAM, BLOSSOM.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

ONCE upon a time there were three little fairies named Dewdrop, Beam, and Blossom, who wanted very much to see the real world.

So one day they went to Queen Mab and asked her to transport them to the wonderful world of which they had so often heard, where everything was real, and where real little boys and girls, who wore pinafores and lived on meat, and pudding, and bread and butter, might be seen every day, and all sorts of other wonders too.

Well, Queen Mab thought that a change of air and scene might very likely do these little fairies good, so she gave them leave to go and, what was more, promised to provide them with a guide who should show them some of the wonders of the world, and, among other things, should take them to see some of those real little boys and girls whom fairies love so much to hear of, though in Fairyland, as you know, they are so seldom seen.

The spell, therefore, was spoken, and Dewdrop, Beam, and Blossom, found themselves all of a sudden standing on a [illegible] wrapped [illegible] round them, and not even a ray of light to show [illegible] or which way they were [illegible]

"Well," the [illegible] is a funny place, is it not?" exclaimed Beam.

"I do not like it a bit. I declare it seems to me to be quite empty.

"There is not a thing to be seen."

"I wonder where the guide is?" said Dewdrop; "there does not seem to me to be any guide in the real world.

"The world has nothing at all in it except a lot of white air."

"Yes, and what thick air it is, isn't it?" called Blossom; "not a bit like the air in Fairyland. I expect we've seen all that there is to see, and we had better go back again.

"It is a cold and uncomfortable place, [illegible]."

But the West Wind, who was hiding behind a rock hard by, overheard the little fairies, and laughed "Ha! ha!" at their ignorance.

And directly the West Wind laughed the mountain mist began to quake and quiver.

Then out came the wind with a mighty rush, cleaving the white cloud in twain, and letting the sunlight down through the rift.

And away went the mist, rolling over the mountain-tops, and dragging its ragged edges from peak to peak.

And lo! when the fairies looked before them they saw a broad and beautiful valley [illegible] through which [illegible] sparkling [illegible]

[illegible] turned upon [illegible] and [illegible] for it was [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] built.

[illegible] "the guide" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MEET ME HALF WAY.

BY RANDOLPH BARRETT.

Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that will never grow cold,
A bliss which will brighten life's pathway,
More precious than silver or gold.
Then whisper of joy in a cottage—
A charm that no lover would miss—
And with your sweet face flushed in beauty,
Just meet me half way with a kiss.

Come, tell me how long I must linger,
A-sighing for joy you can give,
These years you have kept me a-waiting—
It's hard out of sunshine to live.
Then teach me the worth of affection,
While I am so eager for bliss,
And with your fair face bright with blushes,
Just meet me half way with a kiss.

Come, teach me the art of true-loving,
And smile when I call you my dear;
My heart is now throbbing with pleasure
And tenderly drawing you near.
While youth's bright, warm Summer is passing,
Oh! give me one token of bliss;
Just fly to my arms with an answer,
I'll meet you half way with a kiss.

While shadows of twilight are deep'ning,
And nightingale's songs we can hear,
Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that is constant, my dear.
I wait in the sweet, blooming clover,
And long for your token of bliss;
Come, love, with your fond eyes a-glowing,
And meet me half way with a kiss.

THE JUGGERNAUT.

THE Hindoo shrine which is most known in Europe is that of Juggernaut, Juggernauth, or Jagganat'h. Who has not heard of this car, and of the human beings who throw themselves under its ponderous wheels?

A few words on this celebrated shrine may, therefore, be appropriately given here, more especially as the utmost absurdity has been written in regard to it.

The temple is situated in Pooree, or Juggernaut, in the province of Orissa, about 250 miles southwest of Calcutta, and is chiefly remarkable for the idol contained in it, which is annually dragged in its car in procession.

The town in which this celebration is held is mean, dirty and badly built. The streets are crowded with sacred oxen, who are trained to attack with their horns, "in a quiet and measured way," any intruders on the sacredness of the route.

Various kinds of monkeys may be seen perched on the houses, walls and trees; and in the water-tanks are tame crocodiles, which are objects of worship.

The Pagoda of Juggernaut, writes an eye witness, is at the end of the principal street, which is very wide, and composed almost entirely of religious establishments with low, pillared verandahs in front, and plantations of trees interposed.

The temple stands within a square space inclosed by a lofty stone wall, and measuring 650 feet on a side. The principal entrance is crowded with the baskets and umbrellas of the natives, and the huts of dried leaves and branches which serve as a shelter for a number of fakirs, and it opens on a vestibule with a pyramidal roof.

On each side is a monstrous figure, representing a kind of crowned lion. In front is a column of dark-colored basalt, of very light and elegant proportions, surmounted by the figure of the monkey god Hanuman, the Indian Mercury.

The great pagoda rises from 20 feet high within the outer enclosure; from a base 20 feet square it rises 180 feet, tapering slightly from bottom to top, and rounded off on the upper part, being crowned with a kind of dome.

The temple is dedicated to Krishna, who is principal object of worship in the character of Juggernaut, and as an incarnation of Vishnoo, but is held in joint tenancy with Siva, and with Subhadra, the supposed sister and wife of Siva.

There are idols of each, consisting of rudely-sculptured blocks of wood about six feet in height, surrounded by frightful representations of the human countenance. Krishna is dark blue, Siva white, and Subhadra of a yellowish hue. In front of the altar on which these idols are placed is a figure of the hawk god Garounda.

A repast is daily served to these idols; it consists of 410 pounds of rice, 225 pounds of flour, 850 pounds of clarified butter (ghee), 167 pounds of molasses, 65 pounds of vegetables, 165 pounds of milk, 24 pounds of spices, 34 pounds of salt, and 41 pounds of oil.

These articles of food certainly seem sufficient, not only to satisfy the appetite of the idols, whatever may be the capacity of their divine stomachs, but even those of the holy men and attendants who belong to the establishment

During the meal the doors are closed against all but a few favored individuals sanctified by long fasts and a habit of asceticism and penitence.

Loud strains of the peculiar music, better appreciated by Orientals than by Western ears, fill the air and drown all other sounds while the gods are consuming their daily rations.

On the day of procession two stout cables are attached to the car. These are seized by thousands, or by as many as can obtain a place to hold by.

At one time so eager were the devotees to share in the honor of dragging the idol's car, that the greatest and best men of the town struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes, and, to use Bruton's language, "they are so greedy and eager to draw it, that whosoever by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, or in any insolent way, can but lay a hand upon the rope, they think themselves blessed and happy; and when it is going along through the city, there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright; some get broken arms, broken legs, so that many of them are destroyed, and think to merit heaven."

Such was the idol of Juggernaut and its procession in former times. Of late years its popularity has vastly fallen off.

The Hindoo is beginning to be wonderfully cautious of that swarthy skin of his, even in the service of the gods, and with a view to his salvation.

On a late occasion, indeed, instead of thousands of devotees struggling to get at the ropes, not a single hand assisted to drag the car along; and to the horror and chagrin of the Brahmins, for the first time in history the idols of Juggernaut came to a standstill in the streets of Pooree; and yet no harm befell the multitude from the avenging wrath of the gods!

Grains of Gold.

A good heart breaks bad luck.

If every one mend one, all may be mended.

The more a man knows, the less he believes.

The best instruction is to practice what you preach.

No gentleman will insult a gentleman, and none other can.

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling by thy skirts.

No man can answer for his own valor or courage till he has been in danger.

Who never walks save where he sees men's tracks, makes no discoveries.

In passing through life, learn everything you can. It will all come into play.

He who can implant courage in the human soul is certainly its best physician.

Do not trust to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life.

As to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet, so to the murmuring soul every sweet is bitter.

False fears begin as true vexations; the imaginary grievances of fugitives are more than the real.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to all.

Blessed be he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed be he who adds kind words to his gift.

There are men who love only themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others.

To judge without reserve of any human action, is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

True repentance consists in the heart being broken from sin and broken for sin. Some often repent, yet never reform.

We always know everything when it serves no purpose, and when the seal of the irreparable has been set upon events.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string: but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain.

A quarrel is not unlike a spark which is produced by flint and steel striking together: either might go on hammering at wood forever, and no fire come.

Every young man should understand that he should not care a button for his likes and dislikes, but should do what ought to be done, in spite of any disagreeableness.

Femininities.

Trust not a woman who weeps: for it is her nature to weep when she wants her way.

What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows! What poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

A New Jersey farmer has found out a sure way to keep young fellows from hanging around his front gate. He has the girls sit on the back steps.

Probably the meanest thing a man ever said was uttered by Fogg the other day. Being asked the idea of the best remedy for polygamy, he replied, "Mrs. Fogg."

The bridesmaids now give presents to the bridegroom, instead of the opposite, as formerly. This insures the groom a full supply of 10-cent neckties before starting.

Stylish young ladies are wearing little gold kangaroos on their watch chains. Oh, the artless things. The moment a man sees a kangaroo he can't help but remember that it is leap year.

Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

The question which agitates the fashionable housewife at present is not so much, "Where shall we go this summer?" as it is, "Where shall we make the neighbors think we have gone?"

A Camden woman wants a divorce because she found another woman's false teeth in her husband's pocket. A female must love a man dearly when she will loan him her false teeth to crack nuts with.

Miss Rosebud, who took part in amateur theatricals, "Oh, I'm so tired; I had to stand all the evening." Miss Sharp who was in the audience—"My dear, you have not had to stand as much as we have."

A tired-looking man applied for a situation in a powder factory. "You know there is danger of being blown up at any time?" said the superintendent. "I don't care," replied the man, "I've been married six years."

A gentleman has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if his wife is out of temper. The animal foresees a "time" between his master and mistress, and out of consideration for the latter prevents his entrance.

An eccentric old fellow who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never joined places in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their business as stiddy as them ere folks do."

Intelligent and inquisitive housemaid: "Oh, please, miss, there was a gentleman called when you were out. He didn't leave no card, miss, 'cause there's three of his photographs in your album—oh, my! you left it open one day, and I seen 'em accidental!"

"It is now settled," says an exchange, "that a newly-married lady ceases to be a bride, and becomes simply a wife, when she has sewed a button on her husband's clothes." It is this fact that makes us such happy people. The country is full of brides.

In New York a woman is paid six cents for making a shirt, and the papers speak of it as an outrage. Yet, elsewhere a woman not only doesn't get a cent for making a shirt, but thinks herself lucky if her husband doesn't swear like a parrot at the way it fits.

The New York Professor of Whistling knew what he was about when he advertised that big mouths could, by a thorough course of study, be made small, pouting and kissable. His school is besieged by ambitious maidens from all parts of the city anxious to take lessons.

Charles Monroe, who was engaged to marry Mrs. Clark, of Dodge, Ga., eloped with her prettier daughter. The widow caught them, and was going to have Charles incarcerated, when friends interfered, got a minister on the scene, and he married the girl on the way to jail.

If you notice a young man walking with a young lady, their relationship may be determined as follows: If his hands are jammed into his pants pockets, she is his sister; but if his arms assume the picture of the position of the handles of a sugar-bowl, she is someone else's sister.

"That lady is handsome, but she looks as though she had a temper of her own," remarked one drummer to another on a train the other day. "You read character correctly," was the reply. "Why, you speak as if you were acquainted with her." "Well, I am, slightly. I married her some ten years ago."

A lady making pretensions to refined feelings to a butcher, remonstrated with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you been so vicked ash to put dem leedle schoeps and innodent lambees to deaths?" "Well, you wouldn't eat dem all oop alife, ain't it?" quickly responded the butcher.

Bread and stockings are the cheapest articles in Norway. The reason is that no girl is allowed a beau till she can bake the one and knit the other. There should be a law in this country forbidding any girl's having a beau until she is able to go around the streets without the help of a dog on the end of a string.

"Moving next week, I presume," said a woman to her neighbor. "I'm sorry you are going to leave us." "Oh, but we've concluded to stay another year. The landlord is going to paper the dining-room, and—" "Indeed!" was the response; and as she drifted into the house and slammed the door she grumbled to herself, "I was so in hopes they were going."

A Detroit paper, which recently published some particulars concerning a divorce suit, has since published, over the name of the libellant, a letter in which she says: "I saw in your paper the other day an account of a divorce suit brought by me. I wish you would say in your next issue that I done it in a moment of haste and passion. He did strike me with a hammer, but it was a tack hammer. My own temper is inclined to be bad, and perhaps I deserved it."

News Notes.

Chicago, Ill., has a milkman named Schalk.

A Jersey cow lately sold for $6,200 in New York City.

There are now 30 circuses traveling in the United States.

Fifty-seven American women writers were born in Maine.

The Rothschilds have $400,000,000 of United States bonds.

The United States has one clergyman to every 630 inhabitants.

A swarm of bees nine miles long recently visited Oaxaca, Mexico.

There are about 300 men engaged in killing alligators in Florida.

Parlor cars, with bay windows, are about the latest thing on wheels.

Mexican Congressmen now wear full dress suits when in session.

Electric lights are now in use in most ocean passenger steamships.

Gen. Babcock, who was recently drowned, had $50,000 insurance on his life.

New Orleans reports a single stalk on which there are 23 cabbage-heads.

Forty cords of oak wood will yield about ten cords of merchantable charcoal.

The English Salvation Army is about to organize a bicycle and tricycle corps.

London is the only large city in the old world that doesn't possess a university.

"All the vagabondage in the world begins in neglected childhood," says Victor Hugo.

Boxing as a part of the drill has been introduced into the French and English armies.

The longest express run is said to be from St. Paul, Minn., to Helena, Mont., 1,118 miles.

Six thousand venders of fruit and vegetables are licensed to walk the streets of Paris.

Forty-three designs have been submitted for the Garfield monument by foreign and native artists.

Decatur county, Iowa, has a girl who captured and sold fifteen wolves during the past season.

A crazy colored woman in Jackson, Fla., Fla., parades the streets with a sword strapped to her side.

A police justice says that wives forgive their husbands, but husbands do not forgive their wives.

No less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand persons live in furnished lodgings in Paris.

The ideal ear of corn is one with twelve rows, ten or twelve inches long, uniform in size from the tip.

Joaquin Miller is one of the successful competitors for the $500 poetry prize on the white elephant.

A Boston lady sent a crazy quilt to the Woman's Industrial Exchange, and it was refused admission.

Clothespins can be sold at the rate of a cent a dozen and still leave a profit of 50 per cent. to the dealer.

The New Hampshire savings banks have $3,000,000 more on deposit now than they had this time last year.

It is estimated that about 40,000 people are devoting more or less attention to silk culture in the United States.

The Revised version of the Old Testament will be published early in the autumn. It is now nearly completed.

There are 209 varieties of cherries, 60 of apricots, 230 of peaches, 1,078 of pears, and 287 of plums, a pomological writer says.

An 11-year-old girl of Girardville, Pa., died there the other day of congestion of the brain, caused by excessive rope-jumping.

Six million dollars' worth of diamonds are on exhibition at the Parisian Industrial Exhibition, which opened in Paris recently.

There are more colored people in Georgia than there are Indians in the whole country. Georgia's negro population is about 725,000.

The street-car drivers in New Orleans not only keep their cars clean, but are expected to furnish the polishing oil for the brasses, etc.

New newspapers made their appearance in this country last year at the rate of one in every three days. The mortality was nearly as great.

Under the laws of Maine, a person who procures a divorce cannot marry for two years without permission of the court granting the decree.

The latest remedy for the cabbage pest is smart-weed (pepper-weed), which is thoroughly dried, ground to powder, and sprinkled over the plants.

Mary, according to a London authority, is the name borne by the largest number of vessels, the names of Elizabeth, Jane, Sarah and William coming next in order.

Triplets, aged 73 years, are living at Richmond, Northampton county, in this State—Jacob, Abraham, and Isaac Kile—whose mother recently died at the age of 98.

Hoe, the inventor of the printing press which bears his name, anticipates in the near future the invention of a photographic press which will turn off 900,000 papers an hour.

A Portland, Me., man who claims to be able to work miracles, gave an exhibition of his ability to "walk the water by faith" the other day. The reports show that his greatest faith was in life preservers, of which he had a double allowance on.

The Wrong House.

BY F. R. NELSON.

"DON'T sit up for me on any account," said Mr. Blinks.

"I have my latch key. I've told you I should be late, and when I return, I shan't disturb you. I'll just lie down in the spare bedroom. So you will not sit up, Eliza."

"Very well, William," said Eliza, with an injured sigh.

"But I might just as well sit up as not. I've often told you I never sleep a wink when you are out late."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Blinks. "You can be under no anxiety; no reason why you should not go to sleep."

Mrs. Blinks breathed another sigh, which spoke more deeply of injury than the last.

"Very well, William," she said, again. "I'll go through the form of going to bed, if you like."

Then Mr. Blinks, having finished his breakfast, went through the form of kissing his wife and family, and departed for that mysterious region known as town, where he transacted business.

He had a certain feeling of triumph in that he had persuaded or coerced his wedded Eliza to retire before his return.

Her apparition in a night-cap and crimping pins, a long night-robe, and a small shawl and flat toilette slippers, damped all his jollity, when, after a nice little evening, he entered his own door about the 'wee sma' hours.'

She never scolded, but she was so meekly injured.

She inquired in such softly reproachful tones whether the clock really was right; and she begged him in such a sad, imploring way not to wake the baby.

Mr. Blinks was jovial, and hated to have his spirits lowered.

Mrs. Blinks was very serious, and rather fancied high spirits criminal.

They had married late in life.

She was thirty and he past forty on their wedding-day.

They had fixed opinions on all subjects, and could not give them up.

If ever it entered their minds that it was a pity they had agreed for once, and made a match of it, it was on Blinks's convivial evenings, when he stayed out late and his wife kept vigil in consequence.

As Miss Partlette, Eliza never had to sit up for anyone.

As a bachelor, Blinks tumbled home when he pleased.

So this morning Mrs. B. sat and thought what a judgment it would be on Blinks if she were murdered in her bed before he came home, or if baby should that day have the croup; and felt sure of burglars for that night.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blinks finished his business, and, at twilight, having his dress coat and necessaries at the office, proceeded to array himself for the feast he was to attend, and calling a cab, took his way to the place of festivity.

He had a very jolly evening—jollier than usual, for the knowledge that he had forbidden Mrs. Blinks to sit up for him inspired him.

At two in the morning he made his way home, singing to himself occasionally, and now and then compelled to laugh aloud at some joke that flashed across his memory.

Always before, the fact that Eliza was sitting up for him had caused Mr. Blinks to be somewhat absent-minded as to what but now he had ordered her to retire, he had arranged matters so that they were all in his own hands, and he was not as steady or as clear of comprehension as he might have been.

He was also musically inclined, and uttered melodious notes as he made his way home.

As he stumbled upstairs in the dark, and felt his way to the spare bedroom, he muttered to himself—

"This is just as it ought to be. Eliza ain't sit up for me again."

Then, having bumped his head against a bedpost, he took off his coat and boots, gave up the rest as a bad job, retired, tangled inextricably in a maze of counterpanes, and immediately fell asleep.

In a short time he was awakened by a strong smell of tobacco smoke.

Lifting himself on his elbow, he looked about the room and saw, in the moonlight by the window, a figure draped in some kind of a gown, and smoking a short pipe.

A hazy idea that this was Eliza, who had disobeyed him, and had also taken to tobacco, entered his mind.

"I told you not to sit up for me, my dear," he said, rebukingly; "and when did you learn to smoke?"

And then a masculine voice cried—

"What the deuce——"

The gas flashed up, and he saw before him a stout man in a dressing-gown, who having stared at him a moment, cast away his pipe, tucked up his sleeves, and advanced towards the bed.

Blinks was still dreamy.

He tried to remember whether there was any reason for this stranger's presence, and was he a stranger?

Did he know him?

At last—

"Why, who are you?" he said. "And what do you want in my house?"

"That's a very nice dodge," cried the other, "but it won't do."

"So, I understand it now," said Blinks, quite wide awake at last, and comprehending that this was a burglar, who had hidden in the spare bedroom.

And without a word, he sprang from the bed and grappled with the stranger.

The other grappled with him.

Each was intent upon the same object—to thrust the other out of the door.

They tumbled downstairs together, smashed the hall hat-stand, fell through the glass in the door—stumbled, bruised, and scratched, out upon the steps, and clutching each other tightly, roared "Police!"

At the same moment, a window next door went up, a head in cap and curl-papers was thrust out, and a female voice screamed "Police!" also.

It was Mrs. Blinks, firm in the conviction that burglars had arrived at last.

A policeman heard the cries.

He summoned another.

The usual course of events would have been a procession to the station-house.

But these officers were men of great minds and wonderful discernment.

One of them asked—

"What was the matter?"

"I found this man burglariously concealed in a bedroom of my house," said Mr. Blinks. "I give him in charge."

"Bah!" said the other. "This is a deep rascal. I found him in bed in my room. I live at number twenty, here. The rest of the family are in the country, and I'm, so to speak, keeping house. Jilkins—I think you know me, officer."

"Why, yes. I know you very well, Mr. Jilkins," said the policeman.

"We spoke to each other as you passed me half an hour ago; said good-evening.

"But this—this is Mr. Blinks, of number twenty-two.

"I know him well; and he passed me about an hour ago, singing, and quite jolly.

"You can either of you make a charge, if you like, but it seems to me you'd better think it over."

Mr. Blinks looked at Mr. Jilkins, down whose cheek a long scratch was beginning to grow red, and whose eye was swollen.

Mr. Jilkins looked at Mr. Blinks, on whose temple was arising a large blue bruise, the size of an egg, and whose upper lip was puffing up like a pin-cushion and both tried to look calm, but failing miserably.

"It's a mistake," said Mr. Jilkins. "This, I presume, is the effect of a glass too much. You have entered our house instead of your own, and naturally——"

"The mistake was owing to the similarity of the houses, Mr. Jilkins," said Mr. Blinks.

"But a gentleman, who had not taken a glass too much, would scarcely have taken me for a burglar."

And then a plaintive voice descended from the second-story window of number twenty-two.

"Mr. Blinks will apologize in the morning, I know, Mr. Jilkins. This would not have occurred had he permitted me to sit up for him. It never shall again. Come in, dear. Please and try not to wake the baby."

What did Mr. Blinks say then?

No matter.

Not what his parents and sponsors would have expected him to say when he grew up after all their careful teaching, I know.

But he went in and was very ill next day and Mrs. Blinks nursed him with many sighs.

And the next morning Mr. Jilkins sent in his dress-coat and boots in a parcel, and he heard himself plaintively apologized for in the hall.

This was bad enough, but it was not the worst of it.

Blinks knew then, as he knew afterwards, that he should never dare bid his Eliza retire to her pillow while he was out again.

He never did.

From that time thenceforth Mrs. Blinks sat up for him.

More injured, more be-shawled, be-capped, crimping-pinned, and low-voiced than ever until at length he was quite subdued.

And now, at ten every night, Eliza, with her own hands, turns down the gas, locks the front door and puts the key under her pillow.

Blinks stays out late no more.

PRESENTIMENTS.—Mozart's sad notion that the requiem he had undertaken to write for his mysterious customer would be his own death-chant, proved as prophetic as Hogarth's serious assent to the jocular suggestion that when "the end of all things" was completed there would be an end to the painter.

Foster's intuition was not at fault when it made him urge the sculptor, taking his instructions respecting his last resting-place to set to work at once, as there was no time to lose; when the tomb was ready for the tenant, the tenant was ready for the tomb.

Tom Sheridan, bidding Angelo good-bye with the remark, "I have twenty months to live," gauged the term of his existence to a nicety.

Awakened from a sick man's slumber by the baying of hounds, and the uproar attending the pulling down of a stag in a neighbor's garden, sport-hating Millot exclaimed, "It is an omen!" and in a few days took leave of pencil and paper for ever.

Not long before his fatal illness, Prince Albert said to the Queen, "I do not cling to life. You do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure, if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life."

THE DAY'S FASHION.

Now come the girls both dark and fair,
The long, the short, the stout or fair,
The maid whose bright eye flashes;
Most all—when captured by the craze—
In chopped-off bangs her hair arrays,
In sweet, but yet bewildering maze,
With sundry styles and dashes.

Yet of such freaks let them beware,
For Fashion's way oft proves a snare,
And hard light purses trieth.
Instead of joy it oft brings woe,
And well it were that they should know
A forehead hung of old laid low
The one-time great Goliath.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Schoolmasters should be entitled to rank among the ruling classes.

When does a black-and-tan dog change color? When it turns to bay.

Why is a lucky gambler an agreeable fellow? He has such winning ways.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he "folds" it.

What is that which only Adam, of all mankind, never saw and never possessed? Parents.

Colored waiters are the best. Whatever is said at the table they will be sure to keep dark.

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know when it is time to go home.

$500 for better remedy for Heart Disease than Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1.; 6 for $5.; by druggists.

A prairie farmer reports that a late windstorm lifted about everything from his lands except the mortgage.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Specific No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Rip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white sediment deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine, than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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OLD COINS. 10 Foreign Coins, all different... 25c. $123 in Confederate Money..... 25c. Premium Coin Book..... 15c. G. L. FANCHER, West Winsted, Ct.

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50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 packs. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct.

New Publications.

"The Rajah," or the great Presidential Sporting Excursion to the Yellowstone Park, In Our Canoes, is the title of a Burlesque, written by Unc. Dunkum, and illustrated by "Daugh-raw." Price, Single copy, paper cover, 25 cts; cloth 40 cts. Number 106 5th Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Lord & Thomas, the enterprising Advertising Agents of Chicago, have just issued a neat metalic rule for the measurment of advertising space. Advertisers will find it of good service verifying their accounts. It will be sent to any one on receipt of ten cents.

MAGAZINES.

The opening chapters of "Aurora," a new novel, by Mary Agnes Tincker, author of "The Jewel in the Lotos," will appear in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The same number will contain the first of two illustrated papers on the Suburbs of New York, Recollections of Emerson, by Frank Bellew, descriptive articles on Chili and Provincial Life in Russia, and short stories by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lizzie W. Champney and other writers.

Though always good the June issue of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is rather better than usual both in illustrations and reading matter. Among the more prominent of both may be mentioned "Mrs. Siddons"; Two Centuries of Bath; Death As a Friend; Drawing-Room Dances, a particularly interesting article; An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall, etc., etc., etc. Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price 15 cents per number.

NEW MUSIC.

"Laudent Omnes," by Rev. John F. Todd, D. D., and Prof. W. E. Chandler, is a collection of hymns and tunes arranged expressly for congregational singing. The hymns are the best which our language affords, and have been so reduced in length that each can be sung through without omission. There are over two hundred hymns and nearly one hundred tunes. The book is handsomely printed in large, clear type and bound in flexible cloth covers. Price, 30 cents each; $3.00 per dozen. Published by, Russell Brothers, 120 Tremont St., Boston.

THE TENDER PASSION.—Poets and Romancers, Painters, Sculptors, and Musicians of all ages, have delighted to treat upon our present theme—a subject which is calculated to animate the choicest flowers of fancy.

It has been placed on record, in felicitous language, that, "In the Morning of life, the Truthful: wooed the Beautiful and their offspring was Love."

Byron, in his "Don Juan," tells us that—

> "All who have loved, or love, will allow
> Life has nought like it;"

and Moore endorses this view in one of his ballads, when he says,

> "There's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream."

Again Lord Lytton has written that, "Love renews itself in youth, as flower successfully flower in spring."

Thus, as time rolls on, the little bark "Love," though buffeted and storm-tossed, shall still sail forward with "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;" and sometimes there will occur "adventures which the liberal stars have winked at," in days gone by, and concerning which, let us hope, they will not lose indulgence in the future.

Ovid's advice to lovers of the male persuasion is this:—

> "You who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
> First seek an object worthy of your flame;
> Then strive with art your lady's mind to gain;
> And last provide, your love may long remain."

By way of encouragement, he further gratifies us with the comfortable assurance that—

> "All women are content that men should woo—
> She who complains, and she who will not do;
> Rest then secure, what'er thy look may prove.
> Not to be hated for declaring love."

For those who can appreciate a humorous love scene, we may give a brief extract from Artemus Ward's account of when he pitched his tent "Among the Free Lovers:"—

"The eccentric female then clutched me frantickly by the arm, and hollerd, 'You air mine, Of you air mine!'

"'Scarcely,' I sed, endeverin to get loose from her.

"But she clung to me and sed, 'You air my affinerty!'

"'What upon arth is that?' I shouted.

"'Dost thou not know?'

"'No, I dostent!'

"'Listen, man, and I'll tell ye!' said the strange female. 'For years I have yearned for thee. I knowed thou wast in the world somewhares, tho I didn't know whare. My heart sed he would cum, and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my affinerty! O, 'tis too mutch! too mutch!'"

We will conclude by wishing that each lover may meet with his, or her, true affinity. C. D.

THE editors have struck. So we are informed by a gentleman with a spring poem and a black eye.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when the directions are faithfully followed.

Facetiæ.

A deserted waste—The old maid's.

Cut down—The youth's first shave.

Why does a puss purr? For an obvious purr puss.

Which is the most cowardly gentleman? Sir-render.

When a man goes to the hairdresser's in warm weather he takes a short cut.

Why is a 10-cent piece like a cow? It has a head, and a tail, and two sides.

Extensively used—Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease in all forms. Price $1. at druggists.

Why is a prisoner on trial like a criminal hanging? He's in a state of suspense.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

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AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the Post at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.
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☞ THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS. ☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape and is full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded as oil-paintings, to apply at once.

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Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, handsomest, cheapest, best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Colonel Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 65,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All are beginners successful; grand chance for them; $45.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on five outfit, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time.

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100 New popular songs, 10c.; 50 new Chromo Cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. C. W. Brooks, Putney, Vt.

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To close out remnants, we will send 5 lengths, all one color or assorted, prepaid, for 50 cts. 10 for 65 cts., 25 for $1. No pieces less than 1-2 yard, many much longer. Can be used successfully in making and trimming dresses and other garments. Sample taken. Two cents for each piece. LYONS SILK CO., Box 4000, Mass.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send, TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts.
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BIRCH'S KEY WORK ANCHOR **AND NOT WEAR OUT**
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HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Package 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of delicious sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

RUBBER STAMP to print your name in script type, with Bottle of Indelible Ink, bottle of Gold Bronze, and 25 Blank Cards, only $1, send cash only. E. W. BOZARTH, Manufacturer's Agent, Meadow this paper. La Grange, Mo.

SURE CURE for epilepsy or falling sickness free to the Poor. Dr. Kruse, 239 Pearl St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE is a material which appears every Spring, ranks among the old stands-bys, taking its place with foulards, pongees and India silks, is very much liked by the people who have discovered its merits, but yet not very widely patronized, and that is louisine.

It really deserves more popularity than it has. Its wearing qualities are of the first order; it neither crumbles nor creases; it is delightfully light, cool, and pleasant to the touch in hot weather, and its price is very moderate, say from seventy-five cents and upward per yard.

In appearance it is almost indistinguishable from foulard. It merely has not the satiny gloss that more or less finishes the latter.

And, as this satin finish roughs in up wearing, it follows, that, from an economical point of view, louisine is preferable.

We were both shown this past week a louisine costume, black, with a white spray over the ground, made for a lady in half-mourning.

The skirt was cut into blunt, shallow points on the edge, and underneath was a flouncing of white embroidery on net that fell in turn over a diminutive plaiting of the material, plain and minus the figure; and there was a very full long overdress, caught on the left side in loose folds, edged with a row of embroidery, and knots of velvet were set at intervals in among these folds; in the back the drapery had the effect of two tunics, the upper one short and pointed, and bordered with embroidery.

The bodice was made with a "pouf" behind, which gave additional fulness over the bustle; in front it was short and pointed, and trimmed with a broad jabot of embroidered net, passed about the neck also, and fastened on the left side by a great bow of black velvet. The effect was very dressy.

As a general thing, however, most figured, striped and dotted louisines, in the darker colors, have a more correct look made up quite inconspicuously and plainly are useful little summer dresses for any occasion.

One of the favorite styles for the season in Paris consists of a skirt of taffeta, changeable silk, "pelilin," or brocade, and an overdress and bodice, a polonaise, a "corsage-casaque," or some other upper garment of fine, soft wool goods—chiefly veiling.

For visiting, driving, the races, an afternoon dress at a watering-place, this is the most correct costume, and it is a charming one.

Numberless are the changes which may be rung on this apparently very simple theme.

Witness the following examples of recent French "creations": A marvelously lovely costume of gray taffeta changing into green, with a polonaise of gray veiling embroidered; the taffeta skirt has a band of embroidery at the foot; the edge of the embroidery is in wide scallops; set against this are fans of changeable taffeta, laid in close pleats and held together in the centre by bows of darker gray velvet; the polonaise, of veiling, is taken back very far at the sides and falls in straight, square folds, with silk embroidery all around, partly worked upon the fabric—partly upon gray tulle; this latter part forms the scallops, to correspond with the foot of the skirt; in the front there is a vest of taffeta laid in soft, curving plaits; these crosswise folds are a pleasant change from the prevailing lengthwise one in vests: the embroidered trimming comes lightly over the vests on the sides and spaces about the neck; the sleeves reach below the elbow, with a row of embroidery falling all around; over the slightly draped "pouf" in the back a very full fan of embroidery is set, which imparts a more decided outward curve and style to the back of the toilet.

A second costume has a plaited skirt of plaid surah, in pale blues and grays, with some little green; the polonaise of vert-de-gris cashmere forms a curve from the thrust to the right hip, and is closed by means of six agraffes of steel passementerie, three set upon the bust and three over the hip; from thence the polonaise falls away very long and square in front, and the side is carried back and draped in with the back breadths.

A third toilet is of blue and gray "amarinte" over a plaited petticoat of gray gros grain.

The polonaise falls in front in a long curved apron, and over the hips are draped paniers that, held on the left hip by two large knots of mixed blue and gray faille ribbon, are carried back to meet a huge "pouf" caught to the bottom of the waist. Finally, for the watering places, there are two exquisite dresses composed on the same general principle.

One has a plaited skirt of figured Pompadour satin, barred, in addition, with multi-colored stripes, something very effective and strong, and yet, by reason of the pale colors chosen, not loud; the polonaise is of brocaded cashmere, bouquets of pale flowers, in tints harmonizing with the satin skirt, being thrown on a light ecru ground.

This polonaise is draped in full folds crosswise over the bust, and tucked up into soft paniers and into a voluminous and graceful back drapery.

The broad turn-over collar and the moderately high cuffs are made of the same satin as the skirt.

The second toilet has a skirt of changeable silk, copper color and vert de gris; it has flounces of the material pinked to give the effect of ruches; the polonaise is of ecru lace lined throughout with copper-colored surah.

It falls in a very long point on the left side, with four large knots of copper and gray velvet holding up the panier formed on the right side; bunch of gray and copper-colored velvet bows without ends at the throat; knots to match on the elbow sleeves.

This last dress is most conspicuous for the Frenchiness of its effect.

The straw hats that are being brought forward abroad for midsummer undress wear are of rough braid and finish, with a very high crown and brim bent downward above the ears and flaring out much broader and quite high in front; a sort of modified poke, as it were.

The simplest and most common trimming is a large knot of figured, dotted or checked foulard.

This is used for little girls—very young girls—and generally when a substantial serviceable type of hat is desired.

But far more elaborate trimmings are very frequently the rule.

Almost every sort of article invented for the adornment of hats—excepting feathers—is put into requisition.

One specimen is of rough white straw with a lining of green satin under white lace, and a "coquille" of the lace on the front with a bouquet of daisies and grasses. Another will have a huge cocarde of ottoman ribbon in three shades, pistache green, old pink and brown, perhaps.

These arrangements of ribbons in three tints are very typical of the Summer's fashion in hats.

On a third hat there will be a enormous cluster of fruits, half a gooseberry bush, for instance, or a lot of cherries hanging very naturally to a slender stem.

Then a very exceptionally popular trimming is a close wreath of unripe wheat, also full-blown thistles or "five o'clocks." The latter have certainly the merit of originality.

The unripe wheat appears also on the most dressy bonnets, frequently set up as an aigrette or panache, then again covering the entire brim.

With this there is generally a lining of soft green velvet inside the brim.

Fireside Chat.

VEGETARIAN COOKERY.

IN a late article I gave several recipes for vegetable soups; dishes of a more solid character may now be considered. But first of all the mind must be thoroughly divested of the ordinary routine of dinner menus; there can be no decided piece de resistance.

The solid joints, the roasts and the boils, must be set on one side, and their place supplied with what many will term, sneeringly, makeshifts.

In place of fish after soup will appear omelettes of various kinds, these followed by vegetables dressed in a variety of ways, then puddings and sweets generally, and finally savories, in which cheese may bear a considerable part.

Take first of all omelettes. Of these there are many, very many, different kinds, but at this stage of the dinner they must not be sweet omelettes.

Various well-known forms of this, when well made, most delicious of foods will suggest themselves to the reader, such as the usual savory omelette, made with herbs, butter, and eggs; the plain omelette, made merely with eggs and butter, pepper and salt; omelettes made with cheese, with jam and the sweet and flavored omelettes, these last having their place towards the end of the dinner.

There are, however, many kinds not so frequently seen which are partly composed of vegetables.

Here is another recipe for a potato omelette.—Boil six mealy potatoes, then dry them well, and mash them with ½oz. of butter, add 1oz. of bread crumbs, very finely grated, the yolks of six eggs and the whites of four, seasoning with white pepper and salt; melt a little butter in the omelette-pan, and when it is quite hot pour in the mixture, and fry it of a nice golden brown color over a not too fierce fire.

For omelette making a gas boiling-burner is far preferable to a stove; the heat can be so nicely regulated, and the operation so much more comfortably carried on than over a hot coal range.

Lately I have been trying a variety of cooking experiments with a gas stove and boiling burners, as well as oil cooking stoves, and certainly, for cleanliness and comfort, both gas and oil rank, as fuel for cooking purposes, before coal; that is, for experiments in cooking made by ladies.

Omelette with shalots (Francatelli's recipe).—Break three eggs into a basin, add a spoonful of cream, a small pat of butter, broken into pieces, a little chopped parsley, and the shalots, well chopped, some pepper and salt; then put 2oz. of butter into the omelette-pan.

While the butter is melting, whip the eggs and other ingredients well together until they become frothy.

As soon as the butter begins to fritter, pour the eggs into the pan, and stir the omelette; as the eggs appear to set, roll the omelette into the form of an oval cushion.

Allow it to acquire a golden-brown color on one side over the fire, and then turn it out on its dish.

Pour a thin sauce, of gravy, or half glaze under it, and severe Francatelli is a little vague in this recipe with regard to quantities.

Brussels sprouts omelette.—Boil twenty-five young Brussels sprouts, until they are tender, divide each sprout into four or more portions according to size, dry on a cloth, beat up six eggs, yolks and whites; mix the sprouts with them, adding pepper and salt to taste.

Melt 1oz. of fresh butter in the pan, when hot put in the mixture, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and fry until of a nice brown color.

Serve quickly, sending butter sauce, sharpened with a dash of lime juice, to table with it.

Asparagus Omelette.—For a small one take twenty-five heads of young and tender asparagus, boil the heads, and cut them into small pieces, taking also the tenderest parts of the green stalks, but no stringy portions; mix them with the yolks and white of three eggs, which have been previously thoroughly well beaten; heat some fresh butter, about 1oz., in a small pan; when it fritters put in the omelette mixture, seasoning it with a little salt and white pepper; fry until a golden-brown, and serve very quietly with a sharp butter sauce.

Spinach Omelette.—Chop up altogether (spinach (it should be young and tender), ¼lb. of beets, ½oz. of parsley, and ½oz. of leeks and lemon-thyme mixed. Season the mixture with salt and pepper, then add by degrees a heaped-up tablespoonful of well-dried flour, four spoonfuls of milk, four eggs well beaten, and 2oz. of butter melted; mix the whole well together, put into a pan, and bake twenty minutes in the oven.

This is rather more solid food than the ordinary fried omelette, but, when well made, an appetising dish.

If beet is not liked, sprouts can be used instead.

Haricot beans make a very nourishing omelette; but require to be carefully prepare beforehand, i.e., they should steep at least six hours in cold, slightly salted, water.

It is a good plan to set them to steep over night, especially if they are required for luncheon or early dinner.

After steeping they must be boiled in fresh water until perfectly soft, and then mash in milk, for half a pint of beans half a teacupful of milk will be required; when mashed, rub through a sieve or fine colander; then add two tablespoonfuls of finely-grated bread-crumbs, ½oz. of finely chopped parsley, and four eggs, yolks and whites, well beaten, a tablespoonful of melted butter, or else olive oil, and salt and pepper to taste.

Mix the whole thoroughly, and pour into a buttered pan or enamelled dish. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in the oven, which should not be too hot; when served send a sharp brown sauce to table with it.

Tomato Omelette.—Scald six ripe tomatoes, pare them and remove the ends and seeds.

Stew them until tender, then mash them and rub through a sieve; add 2oz. of finely grated bread-crumbs, four well-beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, and salt and pepper to taste.

Mix all thoroughly, pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with vinegar or brown sauce, not of course made with stock, as is ordinary brown sauce, but merely browned butter thickening thinned with vinegar.

Fine herbs sauce is very suitable for serving with savory omelettes.

The following is a well-known recipe for it: Chop very fine a dozen mushrooms, four shalots, and a little parsley; put these into a small stewpan with a little butter, stir over the fire for a few minutes, then add in the ordinary method, a spoonful of flour and a quarter of a gill of brown thickening, the juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste, and a teaspoonful of vinegar; boil for a few minutes, adding a small lump of white sugar just before serving.

Cheese macaroni, and sweet omelette, to be served after the plain vegetable course, can be made in a great variety of ways, and to suit all tastes.

Correspondence.

EVA.—Thackeray, the novelist, was born at Calcutta in 1811.

ASPHODEL.—1. It is not poetry; try prose. 2. Yes, for stories. 3. Any length, if really good. 4. We don't think there ever was so foolish a thing.

REEDER.—Apollo was the son of Jupiter and Latona; he was god of fine arts. He is generally represented with long hair, tall, beardless, and of handsome figure, holding in his hand a bow and sometimes a lyre.

PERCIVAL.—There is only species of toilet which a gentleman can with propriety adopt for a ball or evening party; and that is a complete suit of black, the coat being a dress one. No gentleman would think of going in colored clothes.

J. K.—Gasconade is the term used in the French language to denote a habit of boasting, or speaking beyond the truth, in conversation. The name is derived from the province of Gascony, the inhabitants of that part having the character of being addicted to that vice.

ELLEN.—As you have injured your sight by too much study, you must now give your eyes an almost complete rest. Darken your bedroom, so that when you awake in the morning the glare of light may not come too suddenly upon the eyes. Bathe the eyes frequently during the day with cold water.

E. W.—1. A "masher" is an empty-headed member of the male sex, who dresses in absurdly tight-fitting garments, sports an outrageously high collar, invariably uses what he calls a "single-glass," and fancies he is a gentleman. 2 and 3. We do not understand. 4. Fairly good. 5. Consult a married lady of your acquaintance.

J. B. C.—Carlyle says, "Werther, infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature, gave birth to a race of sentimentalists, who raged and wailed in every part of the world till better light had dawned on them, or, at any rate, till exhausted nature laid itself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was an unprofitable labor."

SOPHIA.—No young lady ought to form the acquaintance of strange gentlemen without a proper introduction. Especially should this be avoided by a young lady who is visiting a strange place without the companionship of friends. Better to endure all the annoyance of loneliness than stand the chance of forming an improper or dangerous acquaintance.

ANXIOUS.—St. Paul's thorn in the flesh is considered to have been either some disease of the eyes or a partial paralysis, causing defect of speech and a distortion of countenance, but nothing is positively known concerning it. We do not understand why anyone should doubt Job's having lived, when he is spoken of by inspired witnesses—i. e., the prophet Ezekiel and the apostles James and Paul.

TEACHER.—The earliest attempts at illumination by gas were made by Mr. William Murdock, in Cornwall, England, about the year 1792, who carried on his experiments for several years, until he succeeded in illuminating large portion of the manufactory of Boulton and Watt, at Soho, near Birmingham, to celebrate the peace of Amiens, in 1802. Ten years afterwards the Chartered Gas Company made the first great experiment of lighting the streets with gas.

WHITTINGTON.—We should not advise any young man to come up to this city from the country on the mere chance of obtaining a clerk's situation. He must advertise in the daily newspapers on his arrival, and perhaps be compelled to wait until his funds are exhausted. There are already in the metropolis many young men out of situations, and as they have got friends, they stand better chances of obtaining such vacancies as may occur than strangers from the country.

N. L.—(1.) We do not know his exact address, but a letter directed to him at "Bayreuth, Bavaria, Germany, Europe" would be likely to reach him. Whether it would be answered, unless of the highest importance is another question. (2.) We know of no famous women piano-players, who perform their own compositions. (3.) It is usual before dedication, to secure the consent of the other party. (4.) They practice from four to ten hours per day even after becoming famous.

B. S.—No matter if you and your wife are both quick-tempered and irritable, it is, nevertheless, your duty to behave yourselves, and especially to set your children a good example. The idea of parents quarreling before their children is revolting. A wise patriarch had the habit of giving advice to his children, when they married as follows:—

"Doth one speak fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

If you and your wife will act up to the spirit and letter of these rules, you will doubtless be able to get along not only without disgracing yourselves, but even live comfortably and happily together.

M. M. S.—(1.) We do not profess to be much skilled in technical grammar, but will make an attempt. In the phrase "children love to play," "children" is a common noun, third person plural, and in the nominative case. "Love" verb active, indicative mood. "To play" a verb transitive, the object of the noun, children. (2.) "They descending the ladder, fell" and "they descending, the ladder fell." These are elliptical expressions which require that certain words shall be supplied before they can assume the more usual grammatical form. Rearrange them thus and all will be clear. While they were descending the ladder they fell "and" "as they were descending, the ladder fell." Study the method of parsing the first question "children love to play" and you will have no difficulty here. (3.) In itself, "Ginx," has no meaning. It is part of the title of a famous satire published in England some years ago, called "Ginx's Baby." (4.) The word is pronounced "crematory," the accent on "ma" the vowel of which has the sound of "a" in "fate." There is no synonym for it as yet. (5.) We do not know how deep the river is, but from the draft of vessels entering this port we judge it ranges from thirty to seventy feet in depth. (6.) We have never seen the "Seven Natural Wonders of the United States" enumerated. Any list however would include, the Mammoth Cave, Ky., Niagara Falls, and the Natural Bridge, Va. (7.) Your, or any of our readers, are welcome to write as often as may be convenient and ask any questions you choose. If in our power, it will be a pleasure to answer them.